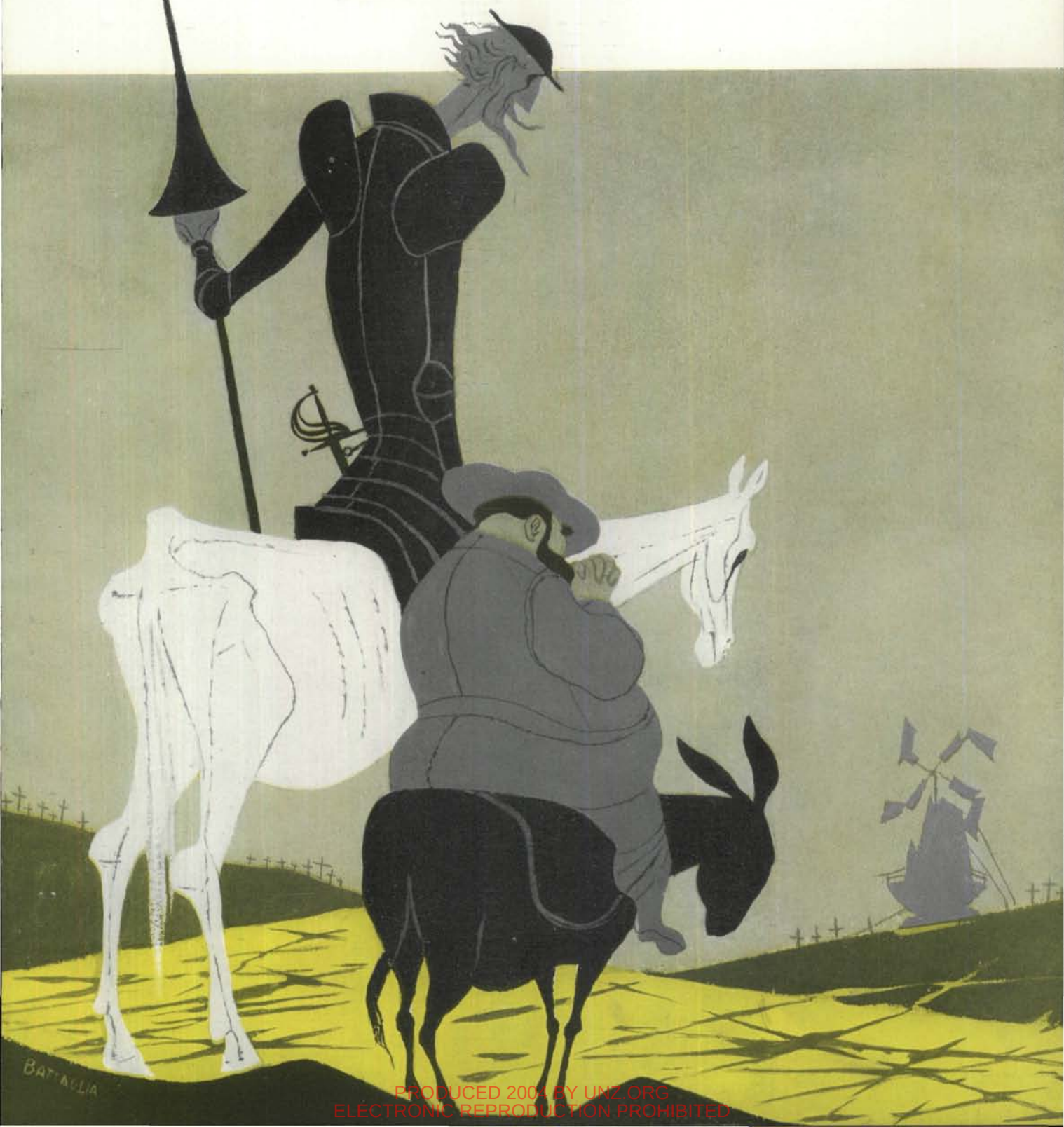
June 20, 1950 25c

FRANCO—WEAK IN SPAIN, STRONG IN WASHINGTON

The Reporter



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Check-up: Franco's police demand credentials

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The Measure of Freedom

In a recent speech Senator Taft gave us a good dollars-and-cents definition of freedom. He said: "Altogether the governments take more than twenty-five per cent of the national income in taxes, and most of this is passed on to the poor old consumer. The government is taking from you the freedom to spend the money you earn by the sweat of your brow. You have lost about a quarter of your freedom if we go on with the present spending program."

Of course, not everyone pays out twenty-five per cent of his income in taxes. Some pay more and some pay less. Twenty-five or thirty million wage earners in this country don't earn enough to pay income taxes. Their taxes are paid mostly in indirect form through levies on tobacco, liquor, etc., and probably amount to no more than ten per cent of their income. These lucky people are presumably only ten per cent enslaved and ninety per cent free. But we must not forget the unlucky ones who, because of their high income, are left with only fifteen per cent of their freedom.

Following Taft's thought, a good society would appear to be one in which the citizens are a hundred per cent free. But here our arithmetic gets hopelessly mixed up. For that perfect society, in which no money is spent for public defense or public order, is likely to be so chaotic that the citizens, in the end, may be allowed to keep a hundred per cent of the money they have no way of earning.

Of course, from such a thoughtful and serious man as Senator Taft, this statement was only what Wendell Willkie called "campaign oratory." Yet it points up one of the most serious faults with our economizers, Republican and Democratic alike. They invariably insist on urging that public affairs be run according to business criteria. And perhaps to a large extent they are right—if by business they mean big business. Big business knows how to make outlays of large sums of money for capital investment. It knows what depreciation and amortization mean. It spends huge sums for advertising, promotion, training of labor forces, laboratory research—long shots for the future.

Sometimes we suspect that when the economizers talk of business they are not thinking of General Electric or DuPont or General Motors. They are thinking of a peanut stand.

Fifty-Seven Per Cent King

This business of the Belgian King sounds rather queer to us—even queerer than the fuss the British people made over the abdication of Edward VIII. What's a king, anyway? In our time no European king can say: "I am the State." Only a Jersey City political boss could get close to that, and even he lived to regret it. A constitutional king seems to us Americans like a sort of full-time Grover Whalen dressed in a beribboned uniform and followed by a military retinue.

A constitutional king usually hasn't got very much to do, for, as the expression goes, he reigns but does not rule, and usually reigning means rubber-stamping the decisions of his government. But there are unusual situations when a king gets important jobs to do. When the political forces of his nation are about evenly divided, the king may exert a decisive influence, very much like our Vice-President, who casts a ballot in the Senate whenever there is a tie vote. A constitutional king functions whenever there is a political deadlock to be broken or smoothed out.

In Belgium now there is a deadlock about the very man who is supposed to break deadlocks. This is a deeply disturbing situation, for a king represents the whole nation. Normally, to become a constitutional king a man has to be born in the right family and then, if his turn comes, be crowned. There is something unnatural in a king's being elected by popular vote; a king cannot rule or rubber-stamp for his government if he enjoys the confidence of only fifty or sixty per cent of the electorate.

On Spain Again

A few weeks ago the New York *Times* carried the story of a Spanish bishop, Friar León Villuendas, who in a signed article blasted Communism, Masonry, Zionist Judaism, very much as if he had been reading the Protocols of the Elders of Zion.

Times readers might come to the conclusion that this is the official opinion of Catholic Spain. How many of them know about Bishop Herrera, a Spaniard who makes Franco most uneasy? Bishop Herrera has taken up the defense of the Spanish worker and has had this to say about the major enemy of democracy and of Catholicism: "Communism is not wrong. We are wrong not to do what Communism promises."

Bishop Herrera figures prominently in Charles Wertenbaker's second article on Spain, which will appear in the next issue of *The Reporter*.

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Correspondence

World Law

To the Editor: I have known since long before your first notice that I wanted to renew my subscription. I believe in *The Reporter* and in what *The Reporter* is trying to do, and I think doing reasonably well. It is only recently that I have reached the point of merely skimming some of the articles instead of reading every word from cover to cover. I do like *The Reporter,* and intend to keep on reading it.

In your May 23 issue, Mary Chamberlain thinks you are remiss in not "recognizing the necessity for establishing a régime of enforceable law at the world level."

It is helpful that Miss Chamberlain puts in that "enforceable," for on that we can agree. I am sure that I am in agreement with the editors of *The Reporter* in wanting to remind the correspondent that that is exactly what we call for: *enforceable* law on the world level.

In these United States we follow Jefferson on "Just Governments derive their authority from the consent of the governed." Since we are not only for enforceable law at the world level but also insist that this must be just law, it is of the essence that we have first the consent of the governed. I hope we are making sure, if at times undiscernible, progress in that direction.

Personally, I go a lot further than Jefferson. As I repeatedly point out to my high-school-student children, not only *just* government, but *all* government continues by the consent of the governed. World history and that of our own country amply document that statement. I need not list examples, from Julius Caesar to our own late "noble experiment" and Huey Long. (The continued life of the non-Communist Russian dictatorship, or totalitarian state which we call Communism, is probably due to the fact that with this kind it takes a little longer.)

If Miss Chamberlain would argue further, let her examine privately with her own conscience her record of complete law observance. In the words of one of our Catholic friends on a recent difference of opinion, "It isn't the particular point at issue, it is where we are led by the thinking behind the position taken that is important."

HUGH M. GREGORY
Buffalo, New York

More on Movies

To the Editor: There are a number of statements and assumptions, implicit and explicit, in C. A. Lejeune's article ("U.S. Films—Risky Exports," in *The Reporter* for May 9) to which I think strong exception should be taken, particularly in view of the fact that it is only one of a rash of such statements appearing within the last year or so.

In her rather heavily witty way, Miss Lejeune manages to get across the point that American films are, in general, lousy, an impression I share wholeheartedly. Watching American films, we get the feeling of gazing at some glib hocus-pocus, a collage of clichés whipped up for motives irrelevant to the subjects and the materials, and we often feel cheated, for the results are neither sense nor nonsense. We have excellent photography and clever bits of dialogue, and surprisingly often we have honest-to-goodness actors and actresses—but there is no plot and no meaning.

The sole *raison d'être* of a movie maker is to make, sincerely, the best pictures he is able to make, using his own subjects and materials in a manner which he feels makes sense. In other words: has meaning. I think this is true of all arts and/or crafts, and that any deviation into irrelevance, whether it be a poet pandering in poesy or an automobile manufacturer pandering in equally senseless chrome, is fraudulent and rather worse than worthless. By polls and like devices of an astounding thoroughness, Hollywood has attempted to assign the role of creation to its audience by splicing together bits that were successful at various times in the past and running careful tests on those viewing the resultant stuffed mongrel to see which parts are most liked.

The result is all senseless ornament and no structure. Dada at least had a motive. The closest we come to the meaning of most American movies is at the ticket window; we are farthest from it when we sit in the theater.

I imagine that, up to this point, Miss Lejeune and myself are fairly well agreed. However, note that I do not object to our films because they fail to represent America and Americans or rather because they fail to give much at all of a rounded picture of same. Not at all. As well object to Cocteau's "La Belle et la Bête" because it does not do the same for France and Frenchmen. I do not expect producers to be messianic, and I feel that any film whose sole motivation is propaganda (no matter what my views on the viewpoint being expressed) has as much chance of abject failure as the current crop of American films.

Consistently enough, I do not share any assumptions that our films, or any films, ought to be "ambassadors of democracy" or "of America." The only obligation that is owed to the audience, of whatever nationality or location, is that of artistic integrity or sincerity.

The cinema is, or should be, an art form. The functions of the arts certainly do not include the transmission of information (except incidentally); their justification transcends that. At the grave risk of being seriously misconstrued, I should say that the arts are, if any definition is indeed possible, entertainment. For pure information, see the proper sources.

Despite the fact that I think things are by no means as bad as painted by Miss Lejeune, I am of course perfectly willing to admit that our movies do indeed present a distorted picture of these United States and often of the world. But Miss Lejeune is concerned with the political implications of this and, I assume, what might be done about it.

Nevertheless, we have no business accommodating the movies to political motives. And Miss Lejeune has no business suggesting that this would be desirable for anyone.

R. VAN WINKLE TODD
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Contributors

Charles Wertenbaker, former chief of *Time* and *Life*'s foreign correspondents, has written several books, of which *The Barons* is the latest. . . . Lael Tucker has been writing free-lance articles from Europe for the last several years. . . . William V. Shannon, a Washington journalist, wrote the chapter on Massachusetts in Robert S. Allen's *Our Sovereign State*. . . . Richard Lewis, a regular contributor to *The Reporter,* is on the staff of the St. Louis *Star-Times*. . . . Robert P. Martin has been a correspondent in the Far East since 1938, first with the United Press, now with Overseas News Agency. . . . Isa Kapp has contributed to *The Kenyon Review, The New Leader, Commentary,* and the Book Review section of the New York *Times*. . . . Harold R. Isaacs, a former Special Projects editor for *Newsweek,* is a specialist in Asian affairs. . . . Cover by Aurelius Battaglia; photographs from Magnum.

The Editors

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The Reporter
A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

June 20, 1950 Volume 2, No. 13

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Editorial

If We Must Have Spain . . .

Our foreign policy has passed its adolescent stage, and we need have no qualms about stating firmly and forcefully that our foreign affairs are to be run according to our national interest. We are no longer the missionary nation that takes it upon itself to end all wars or that is too proud to fight. We are in the business of world politics for all time to come, and no business can be run successfully without clear criteria as to what profit and loss are, which risks are worth taking, and how to assess the credit ratings of the customers.

We got into this business of world politics during the war, when to our amazement we discovered that we had a stake in the internal order of the countries we undertook to liberate. In the emergency, our leaders could only improvise, doing what was expedient from one crisis to another. That was the era that started with the Darlan deal and brought the Allied governments into many more North African and Italian deals. We had to do business with many shady characters and unsavory groups. But what else could we do? The military always hammered away at the same point—we have got a war to win; the politicians at the head of the democratic nations thought it most expedient to let the generals make their own political decisions.

Since the end of the war our national interest has become unmistakably clear: To remain free and prosperous, we must shake and ultimately break the grip that Communism is clamping on too many people in the world. Our national interest compels us to help the people of the world become healthy enough to cherish their own freedom. Ultimately freedom can be saved and totalitarian Communism can be defeated only by the heart and the will of the people themselves, not by our dollars and our guns.

The pursuit of our national interest, like a plan of military operations, must allow a rather large margin for unforeseen emergencies that will have to be tackled by improvisations and expedients. In fact, since 1945 we have had to aid some foreign governments led by rather disagreeable characters. We have had to run heavy risks—the heaviest, perhaps, right now in Indo-China. But if we look at what happened in the recent elections in Greece and Turkey—the countries for which the Truman Doctrine was promulgated—we see that at least two of our gambles are paying off. Far from consolidating "fascist" cliques, our close watch on their internal affairs allowed the people of Greece and Turkey to vote out their reactionary governments.

The Margin for Expediency

We are now in the business of defeating Communism by invigorating the freedom of people everywhere. Should this primary aim of our national interest encourage us to take one more gamble—supporting Franco Spain? Would we hurt or help international Communism by accepting Franco as an ally?

The totalitarianism that still manages to survive in Spain is of a curious type, as Charles Wertenbaker's article in this issue of *The Reporter* shows. It exerts total control over the life, over the thinking of the Spanish people down through all the strata of society; it doesn't leave any man alone, no matter how abject his condition may be. But it hasn't enough strength to threaten the security of other countries. Franco's régime exerts its pressure vertically rather than horizontally: It is permanently at war with the Spanish people, but aside from the dreamy rhetoric of Hispanidad, it doesn't harbor plans for militaristic expansion. This seems to be the main difference between Franco, on the one hand, and Hitler and Mussolini on the other.

But all the earmarks of fascism are there, for everyone to see. There is a fatuous and mean quality in fascist totalitarianism that distinguishes it entirely from Communist totalitarianism. The Communists sacrifice the lives, the rights, and the happiness of human beings in order to verify a lunatic conception of history. Fascism, having no conception of its own, glibly adopts or repudiates any number of ideologies concocted by its hired intellectuals. Communism squeezes every drop of energy from its slaves, to reach the goals of its various five-year plans ahead of schedule. The fascist cruelty is not as economy-minded: Sometimes it prefers to burn its victims or,

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more frequently, to let them rot in jail. Communism is hell endured for the sake of a sham heaven. Fascism is hell for the hell of it.

Perhaps not even the people of Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany have been subject to such gratuitous meanness as that which the Spaniards are now suffering. Mussolini stirred the people of Italy, crowded in too poor a land, by telling them that it was within their power once more to attain the glory that was Rome. Hitler satisfied the deep-seated craving of the German people for uncritical obedience and imperial conquest. Franco offers the Spanish people nothing, no dreams for the future and no improvement of their present lot—no roads, houses, or schools, as Salazar does in Portugal. Franco does not even want to be loved, as Mussolini and Hitler did. He doesn't want to drive the Spanish people anywhere: He just wants to sit on them.

The Twin Brothers

The Communists look at us, look at Franco, wait and hope. Actually, Communism thrives on fascism. When Hitler went into power the German Communist leaders and their Kremlin masters applauded heartily and refused to join forces with the anti-fascist parties. At present they would not dislike a fascist dictatorship in France. And in a way they are right, for fascism, far from eliminating the Communist danger, heightens its causes.

Franco is the only fascist leader whom the Communists violently and vociferously fought at the time he captured power. Since then they have never stopped exploiting the Spanish issue, for it has been their most appealing device for extorting financial contributions and sympathy from hazy-minded liberals. They could not have found a better cause for their purposes of infiltration and camouflage, considering that the first shots of what turned out to be the world civil war were fired in Spain. For the Communists, the admission of Franco Spain among the nations on our side would be as great a victory as the conquest of China was.

Fascism and Communism, Franco and Stalin, agree completely in posing the same dilemma to the world: either/or; either Communism or fascism. They must convince the free people of the world that there is no other alternative. If Franco were admitted to our side, Communist propagandists all over the world would not treat him for what he is—the petty tyrant of a ruined nation. They would present him as the symbol of our coalition. Franco in his turn would not be unwilling to take that role, for since his conquest of power he has been using exactly the same blackmail: either me or Stalin.

A Case for A.M.G.

But some people, particularly military people, say we need the Iberian Peninsula. If the Soviet armies march through western Europe, it is said, only the Pyrenees can assure us a continental bridgehead.

We have every reason to listen to our military leaders carefully—and to question their conclusions. If their judgment of the strategic value of Spain is correct, then undoubtedly our national interest makes it imperative to have Spain on our side. Spain—not Franco. For reasons of expediency we can deal with politicians we distrust. We cannot take it upon ourselves to destroy all dictators. But we cannot have any truck with fascism, and we cannot take the very step that the Communists hope we will.

Nor can we expect that Franco will mend his ways, at least enough to save our face. He cannot relax his terror; he cannot even remotely dare to expose his power to public election as the conservative governments of Greece and Turkey did. He has given his people only oppression, oppression, and more oppression. He cannot change and he cannot be anybody's friend. He wasn't even a friend of Hitler and Mussolini, who put him in power.

Obviously, if the control of the Iberian Peninsula is as invaluable to us as our strategists say, then the only thing to do is to land there, destroy the Franco régime, and establish a provisional interallied military government to help the people gain free institutions. If it is vital to have Spain on our side against Communism, we had better start training military-government teams now; we cannot let fascism stay in power there, for fascism is the breeding ground of Communism.

We have undertaken the task of freeing the people who have been under the most wretched forms of totalitarianism and of helping them find in the democratic form of government the best guarantee for the protection of their own interests. We have floundered in some countries and achieved a measure of success in others, including Germany. We have made mistakes, but we have learned and we are learning. It would not be difficult to arouse the passion for freedom in the Spanish people and to convince them that we are their friends.

If our national interest and the interest of the free peoples demand that the Spaniards be on our side, let's welcome them on our side.

But Franco must go. —MAX ASCOLI

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The first of two articles:

Franco: Fascism and Futility

'In Spain we have preferred to sacrifice some of the individual freedoms for the sake of attaining national freedom, which allows us to preserve our international freedom'—Franco

On an October evening in 1949, Bautista Ruíz Fernández, a chauffeur, stepped out of a café in Valladolid and into the hands of the Spanish government. Crossing the street in front of the Conde Ansúrez, Valladolid's best hotel, he was stopped by a plainclothes policeman in a trench coat, and a uniformed member of the Policía Armada, which keeps order in Spanish cities. Bautista Ruíz allowed himself to be searched. He submitted to being handcuffed. But when the two policemen started to lead him away, he resisted. He said he had fought for Franco and did not want to go to jail. The uniformed man knocked him down, and the plainclothesman hit him in the face.

Ruíz, a powerful man, got to his feet and rammed the plainclothesman with his shoulder, shouting *"Cabrón* [he-goat]!" The man backed away and shot Ruíz in the leg. As he fell, the other one swung his rifle butt. Two more members of the Policía Armada came running up, and for five minutes the three of them worked on Bautista Ruíz with the butts of their rifles. When they dragged him away, his face was beaten to a pulp, and he was streaming blood. In jail he became so violent that a doctor had to give him morphine.

There were several witnesses to this incident. One was the wife of a prominent surgeon of Valladolid; she was standing on the steps of the hotel with some friends. One was a bellboy who had gone out to get the bags from a car. A third was the owner of the bags and the car, a non-Spanish European who lives in Madrid and was in Valladolid on business. He gave his card to the doctor's wife

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and offered to testify if need be. A few days later the doctor's wife and her friends went to the police administration and reported what they had seen, supposing that the policemen would be disciplined for brutality. They were advised not to concern themselves with matters of public order; the police official, however, expressed regret that the scene had been observed by a foreigner.

Soon after this, an official pronouncement appeared in the newspaper over the signature of the Civil Governor, recommending that citizens, instead of criticizing the forces of the law, "love" them for the protection they were providing. By the time the case of Bautista Ruíz came to trial, on March 21, 1950, the doctor's wife and her friends had been persuaded not to testify. The bellboy had retired behind the anonymity of his buttons.

But the foreigner had received a letter from Ruíz's lawyer, asking his "humane collaboration" in seeing that justice was done. On the appointed day, he went to Valladolid to give his testimony. He had invited me to go with him, and we arrived at the courthouse just before 10:30, the hour at which the trial was scheduled to begin.

The young lawyer, whose name was Alfonso Gago Alonso, escorted us upstairs and asked my leave to discuss the case with my friend for a moment. When my friend rejoined me, he told me that Señor Gago had asked him to testify that the shot had been fired *before* the prisoner was handcuffed. This he had declined to do.

Spanish trials are open to the public —or as much of it as can make its way into the courtroom. Four-fifths of this room was occupied by three judges in black robes with lace-trimmed sleeves who sat beneath the seal of Franco Spain with its eagle and its ironic UNA, GRANDE, LIBRE; by several clerks of the court; and by the prosecutor and the defense attorney, who faced each other from desks across the room. Behind the rail was a space about nine feet by twelve, into which the spectators had to pack themselves. They were mostly friends and neighbors of the defendant —small, shabby people, with bony, leathery, hopeless faces.

Bautista Ruíz was led to a stool just inside the rail. He stood there in a sheepskin coat—the tallest, broadest-shouldered man in the room, a middle-aged man with coarse gray-black hair, with a strong-boned profile beneath the thick scars that remained from his beating—and answered the questions that were put to him. Although he had been reported as known to the police, and was so described during the trial, and although the authorities had had five months in which to investigate his record, the only charge against him was that of attacking the police. He was allowed to state that on the night in question he had been on his way home after taking one brandy at a café. The rest of what happened was told by other witnesses.

The plainclothesman, still in his trench coat, testified that he had stopped Ruíz for a routine questioning, that Ruíz had attacked him, and that he had fired in self-defense. Prodded by the prosecutor, he added that Ruíz had been drunk. It took more prodding to get him to state, with a nervous shrug, that the shot had been fired before Ruíz was handcuffed. Two members of the Policía Armada corroborated his testimony, insisting that Ruíz had to be subdued before he could be manacled. For the defense, two doctors from a hospital, where Ruíz had finally been taken, testified that his behavior had been such as to indicate a disposition toward insanity.

It was not until defense attorney Gago was well into his summation that he made any reference to the witness he had not called—my friend from Madrid, who was still outside in the corridor. Then Señor Gago explained that, while he might have produced other witnesses, their testimony would not have been pertinent, since it was clear that Bautista Ruíz had attacked the police as charged. He apologized on behalf of his client, but begged the judges to consider that the man was insane. He asked, therefore, instead of the six years in prison demanded by the prosecutor, that Ruíz be committed indefinitely to an asylum.

Listening to Señor Gago's voice choked with forensic emotion, I had to remind myself that in my own country sadistic police were not uncommon, and that corruption had often breathed on society, judiciary, and press. But even in the deepest South a novice attorney defending a "bad" Negro would be expected to call character witnesses, to take advantage of proffered testimony. That Gago could produce only mendacious eloquence, and that the falsity of everything said in the courtroom was known to every person present, was hardly the fault of the defense attorney. He was simply trying to make his way in a sick society.

The sickness of Spanish society is moral, political, and economic, and the germs were present even before General Franco won his revolution. All three manifestations of illness are present in all parts of the social organism, but much that has been written about Spain in recent years has ignored one disease or another. Some political thinkers, for instance, attribute the misery of the great majority of Spaniards to the callousness of the ruling clique, while others say that General Franco, a kindly man, would have improved the lot of all his subjects long ago if he had not been so persistently

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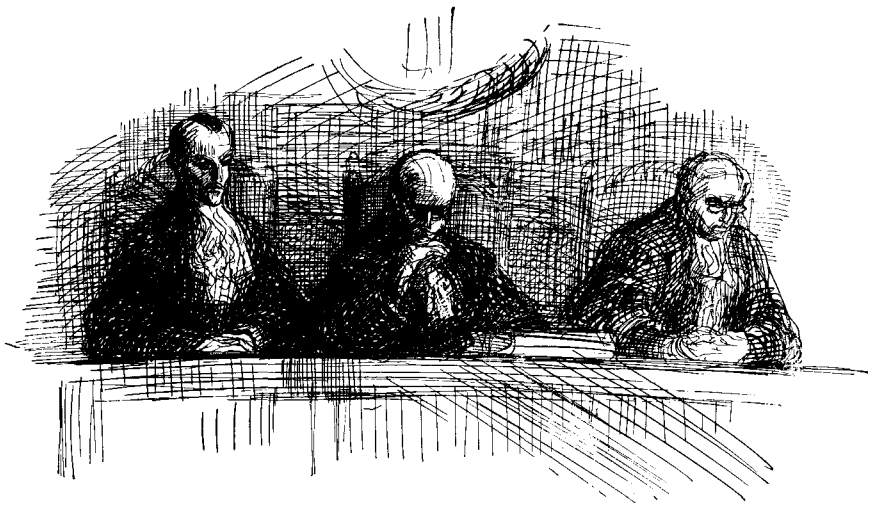

frustrated by the United Nations and God.

It seems to have been the fate of General Franco to face a crisis about every five years, and his luck to settle his crises by doing nothing about them. Soon after the civil war began in 1936, he found himself unable to take Madrid. He solved this by not taking Madrid, and eventually he won the war anyway. In the course of the Second World War, he found the German Army on his border and Hitler asking for action against the British. He solved this by going to war against nobody, and eventually Hitler became too weak to insist. Later he found the Allied armies on his border and the Allies in general agreement that fascism ought to be eliminated in Spain. He solved this by sitting tight, and eventually the armies went home and the Allies forgot about it. In 1950 he finds himself beset by an economic crisis, deriving in part from years of drought but chiefly from inefficient administration. As usual, he is doing nothing about it.

The economic illness of Spain can be expressed in many figures. One is the price of the peseta in the free markets of Zürich and Tangier. Early this spring the peseta fell from last year's forty to sixty to the dollar, and at this writing it is wavering around fifty-five. The legal, so-called commercial, rate is 10.9 to the dollar, and Holy Year tourists are supposed to be attracted by a rate of twenty-five. Another figure is the gold reserve the government has left after putting up security for several loans to get it through the current grain shortage. Spain is down to sixty-one million dollars in gold, which for a government is hardly pocket money. A third figure is the cost of living, which has risen four hundred per cent since 1936. Wages have been raised two or three hundred per cent.

A traveler with no head for figures sees economic decay wherever he goes. He sees it in the road over which he drives. Five years ago the roads of Spain were better than any in western Europe except Switzerland's. Today they are among the worst. This is not to say that Spanish roads were spectacularly good in 1945, but while other countries have improved their roads, those of Spain have deteriorated. A road map of Primo de Rivera's time —1923 to 1930—is just as good as new.

The Spanish train against the Spanish landscape is as picturesque as the Spanish mule—and as little subject to structural change. The same locomotives have for too many years been pulling the same wooden cars over the same undulating roadbeds. Spain has been trying to electrify its railways since 1940, and has now got something less than a thousand miles under electric power. Passenger trains are as crowded as Manhattan subways at six o'clock in the evening, but freight cars, marked to carry seven tons of cargo, are loaded with only three or four tons to spare the axles. The government recently had a sample lightweight train, christened "Talgo," built for it in the United States. On a trial run to Portugal, Talgo slipped off the rails and bumped to a stop over the ancient ties. The crew jacked her up and slid her back on the track, but nobody thought to do anything about the roadbed, and so on the return trip to Madrid, in exactly the same place, she left the rails again.

Spain's cities are far apart, its countryside vast and noble. The most startling sight to anybody who knew the country in other times is the disuse into which the land has fallen. On one side of a road is a field green with wheat; on the other side the land is speckled with dusty weeds and scrub. Two-thirds of the area of Spain is uncultivated, and the proportion is growing every year.

At the heart of Spain's economic troubles is an ill-conceived, poorly managed effort to industrialize an agricultural country. In 1949, the index of industrial production in Spain, as against the "normal" year 1929, was 128. The index of general production was 96, pushed down by the decline of agriculture. Since in those twenty years the population, in spite of a bloody civil war, grew by something like five million, the wonder is that Spain is having only a crisis and not a disaster.

Spain's unfavorable balance of trade was about sixty-seven million dollars

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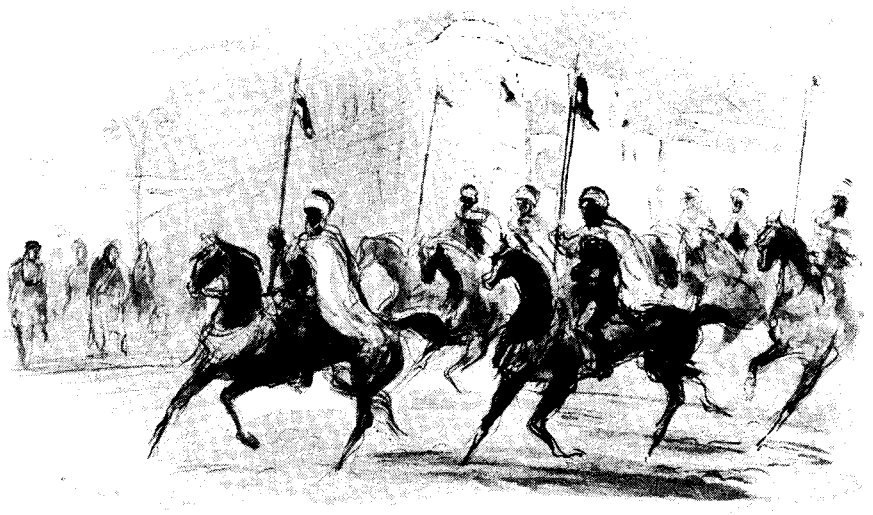


in 1949. Catalonia's textile exports fell off sixty-five per cent in the last two years, largely because of a shortage of electric power, which is the keystone of the industrialization plan. For the power shortage most Spaniards blamed the drought, but there were a few who were inclined to lay even the lack of rainfall to Juan Antonio Suances, Franco's Minister of Industry and Commerce, who directly or indirectly controls all business in Spain. The Instituto Nacional de Industria, which Suances founded and directs, is in the power business, the mining business, cement, fertilizers, radio, airlines, shipping, shipbuilding, and many others. The Ministry of Industry, through its system of permits, intervenes in every business requiring imported raw materials, foreign exchange, or import or export licenses. Its administrators act as entrepreneurs in the businesses they regulate, and the I.N.I. and the Ministry between them are the center of financial corruption in one of the most corrupt governments in the world. Juan Antonio Suances himself is incorruptible.

The industrial worker has not had the right to strike since 1936, and has half forgotten he ever had it. I talked to one in Burgos, standing before the oppressive beauty of the great, gold-stuffed cathedral, and found that prices were his chief complaint. A medium-sized loaf of rough brown bread cost his wife twelve pesetas, but what made him most indignant was the fact that he could not afford to own a Sunday shirt and tie. A shirt would cost him eighty pesetas and a tie another twenty. Converting these figures into cents at two for the peseta, and recalling that I had just spent the price of his shirt for lunch and of his tie for a black liquid (coffee has almost disappeared from Spain) and a brandy, I did not grasp the meaning of the prices until he mentioned five days' wages. I asked him who was to blame, and he replied: "*Estado.*"

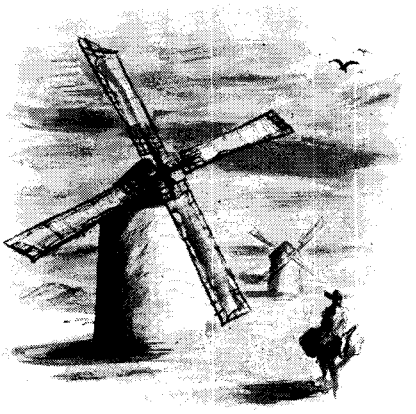
The government's own records show clearly what has happened to Spain's wheat. Before the rebellion Spain had 4.5 million hectares under cultivation in wheat, and produced an average of 4.4 million metric tons a year. Average consumption was about 4.2 million tons a year. If drought caused a bad crop, it could be made up out of surplus and by the importation of perhaps twenty thousand tons. In 1938, during the civil war, the Servicio Nacional del Trigo, the first fascist-type economic control in Spain, was organized. Production, price, and distribution were regulated by the government; farmers, finding wheat no longer profitable, turned to other crops or let their land lie fallow.

Spain now has under wheat cultivation 3.7 million hectares of land, or eight hundred thousand hectares—nearly twenty per cent—less than before the civil war. In 1946, a good year, the country produced 3.6 million metric tons. In 1948 and 1949, drought years, production was less than three million. To feed the present population, five or 5.5 million tons are needed, and to keep the people on an insufficient ration of insufficiently nourishing bread the government has had to dig into its meager supply of gold.

General Franco, following his habitual procedure, has done nothing to restore Spain's economic health, doubtless hoping that the world beyond the Pyrenees would solve this problem as it solved those of the past. He has two bases of hope. One is that the United States will put a value of several hundred million dollars on his well-known antipathy to Communism. The other is that the rest of western Europe, helped to recovery by the United States, will look to Spain for a market and lend Spain the money to start buying.

Last summer the Banque de Paris et Pays-Bas, one of France's biggest investment institutions, quietly arranged a loan of fifteen billion francs to the Banco Guipúzcoa, the money to be used partly for railway equipment. The Spanish government carelessly announced the loan in its controlled press; the Quai d'Orsay got busy, and nothing more has been heard of the deal. But other European governments are less sensitive to Franco's political antecedents, and if the Head of the State can overcome his own sensitiveness on the subject of his country's credit, he may get some loans.

U. S. policy, which after the war opposed private loans to Spain, has come around to an attitude of encouragement. It has been suggested to the Spanish government that it could get project loans in the United States if it satisfied the conventional requirements of credit, but General Franco has taken the Spanish attitude that a gentleman's word is all the credit he needs. To judge by the pains to which Franco has gone to charm visiting Congressmen, he still hopes to



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be offered some Marshall Plan money without Marshall Plan obligations.

The theory that economic pressure could force Franco to liberalize his régime, hopefully held in some democratic quarters after the war, appears to have proved itself in reverse. As conditions have grown worse, the Spanish government has simply loaded more of the burden on the poor, who, after all, are trained to bear it. Although fourteen years of indoctrination have failed to create any notable enthusiasm for the régime, fourteen years of policing have succeeded in suppressing any enthusiasm for heroic opposition. The Left has been thoroughly quelled.

What does disturb the régime a good deal is the defection of the political Right, and against this real and potential opposition economic controls are a useful weapon. Unsympathetic aristocrats are mostly left to grumble over cocktails, although now and then a few are fined or confined. Malcontent generals are retired or given token commands in Morocco or the islands. Anti-Franco businessmen are harassed by the I.N.I. This treatment has limited or compromised the usefulness of many would-be monarchists. If Franco loosened his economic controls, he would free a dangerous enemy. And it is the economic organization of the Spanish state that holds Franco's supporters together. The thousands of functionaries of the I.N.I., thriving on a rich source of graft, support him. The Falange, which holds all the administrative jobs in the industrial syndicates, supports him. The army, navy, and police, which absorb nearly half the national budget, support him.

Besides those who profit from it, there are many people in Spain who

believe sincerely in its form of government and wish it were more efficiently administered. There are some who honestly believe that it is doing the best it can do. But nobody pretends that together these groups come to more than a small minority. Because the only possible alternative to Franco appears to be a restoration of the monarchy, most Spaniards nowadays are monarchists. They fall, roughly, into four classes. There are the convinced royalists who are powerful enough to declare themselves. There are many more who will tell you privately that they are royalists, but who continue to serve the government; like the first class, they would much prefer a monarchy to Franco, but they much prefer Franco to a republic. There are the republicans who want the monarchy back so that they can try to replace it with a republic. And then there are the vast majority of Spaniards, the poor, who would be thankful for any change.

General Franco has handled his political opposition as he handles most of his problems: by refusing to meet it directly. Five years ago, when his crisis had to do with the fascist character of his régime, he found it expedient to put the Falange under cover and to take the Church into his government, in the person of Martín Artajo, the secular head of Catholic Action, who became his Foreign Minister. This turned out to be a shrewd move, internally and internationally. But now a new wing of the Spanish Church has grown up around Bishop Herrera of Málaga—a younger, more vigorous group that believes in countering Communism with social justice. It is a powerful force in Acción Católica—itself probably the most powerful organization in Spain—and it has refused to associate itself with the Franco régime. It is a potential spiritual and political force of effective opposition. It has, of course, no power to overthrow Franco.

The only gentlemen who possess that power are the generals, and so far they have shown more loyalty to the generalissimo of their army than to their traditionally monarchist convictions. Now and then one of them, or a group, has spoken up against the government, but nothing has happened except the retirement of an older man and the promotion of a younger one. Yet in times of crisis some general's voice is usually heard.

This spring it was the voice of General Juan Yagüe, who commands the military district of Burgos and is the last of the civil-war rebel heroes to keep an important command. General Yagüe spoke out to some officers against "the black hand slowly choking Spain to death." Before the month was over, Franco had sent two of his most trusted younger generals—one of them his ex-Chief of Staff, García Valino—to new commands at Valladolid and Zaragoza, between which districts Yagüe's Burgos is most effectively squeezed. It is well within the realm of the possible for Franco to be overthrown at any time; Spanish generals seldom announce their plans in advance. But the bungling and corrup-

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tion slowly choking Spain to death have so far been most painful to the lower and the middle classes. The topmost hardly feels its sickness.

In the spring the bulls are brought in from the range, and the *fallas*, the *ferias*, and the *fiestas* begin; that part of Spain which can afford it moves from place to place in search of enjoyment until the season ends in San Sebastián with the summer. General Franco himself is not enthusiastic about bullfighting, but he appears at a few saints' days, where he is applauded by the patrons in the shade and stared at by those in the sun.

Social life in Spain, with its private bullfighting and *flamenco* parties, with its eighteenth-century charm, can be so diverting that the poor man, like his mule, becomes a part of the majestic landscape. It is hard to feel sharply about one's fellow man when the stomach is stuffed with food, and a foreigner, whether he is on a Congressional junket or is stationed in Madrid, has a tendency to overeat with his host.

Spain has always had its very rich and very poor, and a certain callousness in the former with respect to the latter is not an innovation of Franco's. An acquaintance of mine of twenty years' standing, who is a defender of the régime, reminded me of this fact and its corollary: that Franco didn't create the poor. I replied that he had only made more of them, but I could not press the point because my friend is an example of what I meant. Between his twenties and his forties he has been reduced from an upper-middle-class *señorito* to a frightened and rather shabby little businessman, barely able to keep his nose above the proletariat. For the lower middle class —for the shopkeeper and the bookkeeper—the decline has been even more abrupt. As the workman's wife cooks or washes or scrubs to help buy oil and beans and bread, so does the wife of a merchant I know give English lessons to stretch out the family income; she also keeps house and cooks for five people living in a dark flat on a narrow street. Holding two jobs is the rule among small professional people.

The coming of poverty to a new class of people—and its deepening among those who were used to it—has produced, not apathy (the Spaniard is too tough), not sullenness (he is too courteous), not even the impulse to fight back (he is too intelligent to have forgotten the civil war and its aftermath of revenge); but rather an attitude of grim holding on. Violence might break out in another generation; this one hopes to survive.

The United States has never been easy in its moral heart about Franco's Spain. It has tried to believe that Spain is what it is not, or, failing that, to forget it. It has made halfhearted, fumbling efforts to change Spain's government. Now, seeking "situations of strength" in the cold war with Russia, it seems to be trying to make a deal with its conscience and with Franco as an ally. The question is whether any relationship with Franco would be a situation of strength.

Spain's military assets are as follows: three airfields capable of landing the largest planes; an air force of between 250 and 300 planes that flew in the civil war of more than a decade ago; an army of almost half a million men equipped with the light arms and artillery of the civil-war period, trucks and a few tanks of the same period, and 104 jeeps—enough to make a parade before Franco on the eleventh anniversary of that war's end; a lightly but fairly well fortified natural barrier in the Pyrenees; a tiny navy capable of some coastal defense; and a police force of some two hundred thousand men, including desk men, armed with rifles and submachine guns.

Except for an offer to build jet planes if the U. S. would build the engines, another one to use Spanish territory for radar detection, and the repeated assertion that Spaniards would fight to the death against Communism, the Spanish government has not offered much more than the defense of Spanish territory. To make Spain an effective military base, a modern air force would have to be created; the ground forces armed with modern weapons, including armor and transport; the present roads rebuilt and new ones added; the railways reconstructed and equipped; and fortifications built. Then, if war came, it might be seen whether Spaniards would fight against anybody to defend their present way of life.

The case for U. S. aid to Franco, on the theory that some of it would filter down to the people, is one of charity, not of self-interest. The case against it is not that the Spanish government is fascist in character, or that it took power with the help of Germany and Italy, or that it was an undeclared enemy of the United States in the last war, or even that it holds power against the will of the people. It is that the government, having set itself the task of running the country's economy, has shown itself entirely incapable of doing so; that, even were the United States to underwrite another effort, it would probably not do any better.

—Charles Wertenbaker

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Portugal Under Papa

Salazar's country is poor, but docile and beautiful

In 1950, Portugal is in a state of economic crisis, and is governed by one man. To a Portuguese, this is like saying that Portugal has had its usual mild winter. It happens more often than not. The present economic crisis began around 1822, when Brazil won its independence, and it has been interrupted only occasionally since. Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar's personal dictatorship is eighteen years old.

With a harmony as remarkable as the blending of architecture and color in their neat villages, the Portuguese explain their poverty by saying it is inevitable, and praise their government, whether they oppose or approve it theoretically, as the most exemplary one of its kind. It is as certain as that sort of premise can possibly be that, given a free election, Portugal would give Dr. Salazar's Administration an overwhelming majority—this in the face of economic depression and of the government's penurious social services. And it is the corporative state, the principle of absolutism, which would be endorsed, not Dr. Salazar, the dictator. He himself is neither much loved nor much feared.

His is a neat, tight, popular dictatorship in a country that was once sufficiently adventurous to discover a large part of the modern world, and that, in the nineteenth century, split liberal hairs with vigor and blood. Portugal represents modern right-wing dictatorship at its sweetest.

It cannot be condemned as corrupt, expansionist, or disruptive. It oppresses neither rich nor poor. It provided answers when Portugal was in financial difficulties so severe as to threaten its independence. It has continued to balance its budget and slowly to

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improve the lot of its people despite two years' drought and a major postwar depression in the country's three most important industries.

If you cross the border into Portugal in the north, after the vast, barren, dusty reaches of western Spain, it is hard to believe that the two countries share a peninsula. The sky over Portugal is a perceptibly clearer blue and seems higher-arched. The vistas from the dividing mountains appear smaller as one looks over the rolling and more civilized countryside. The government has a vast program of reforestation, and the pine woods are thick. The main road through Vila Real and Amarante to the big northern city of Oporto is new, shining, splendidly banked, and marked with freshly painted white stones—in contrast to the disintegrating roads of Spain. An attendant in government uniform is in charge of each short section of road. He lifts his head from pruning the road bank or repairing a flaw in the surface to salute the cars that pass, touching his gray, round-domed sombrero with a politely lifted finger—a required gesture.

The densely populated northern part of Portugal has maintained a limited prosperity under Salazar. He has given the people order and low taxes while they go on cultivating their small, individually owned farms. The bottomlands of the Douro and the other northern rivers are rich, and since the benign climate normally brings fifty to sixty inches of rain annually, they may yield four crops in a good year. Cows, pigs, and chickens share the family residences. Fruit trees grow among the ground crops. Grapevines climb arbors beside the houses. Poorer ground is carefully tended to yield its one crop a year, and the mountainsides are terraced and cultivated to arduous heights.

The small farmers love their land, much of which has been in their families for generations. Conservative, thrifty, and hard-working, they combine the characters of peasants with those of middle-class landowners, and are grateful to a government that has not tried to change the uneconomic way in which the land is broken up.

Portugal has been called a farm with a seacoast, or a nation of sailors who farm. At Oporto, in the north, the richest of the land feeds the most vigorous of the coastal cities. Political trouble, labor trouble, revolutions, and civil wars have traditionally started in Oporto and swept down to Lisbon. Now, as in the rest of Portugal, there is economic unrest only in the city. The great port-wine industry, the biggest in Portugal, is in serious trouble. The architect of this disaster is the austerity government of Great Britain, traditional market for port, which has drastically limited imports. The prop that has kept the industry from failing is the Administration of Salazar, although its somewhat miserly loans on mounting stocks must be repaid in time.

Perhaps the best proof of the genius of the Salazar Administration is the economy with which it has gained its popularity. If thoughtful men have criticized it for putting up post offices before hospitals, building homes before factories, beautifying the country before electrifying it, the results have at least been visible to all and a source of gratification to the Portuguese.

A Portuguese paints his house as he washes himself—not quite so often, but just as regularly. His choice of colors ranges from dazzling white, bright blue, and pale pink through daring but harmonious combinations of off-salmon and strange greens. He never seems to spoil his effects with a single error of color or line or with an excess frill. Inside the Portuguese houses, good taste is equally evident. A poor family living in two rooms, one of them windowless, will have one or two ornaments on the wall—a glazed plate or a blue-and-white tile—and an ancient brown jug of fine proportions on the table. That will be all—no chromo, no bit of cheap glass.

The Portuguese are inordinately grateful to a government that has tidied up and repaired the castles; refurbished the old churches, in Gothic or Manueline, or those with onion towers showing the Moorish influence; and built new ones, with a New England purity of outline. They are charmed with the tasteful new public buildings, and have made a hero of Salazar's former Minister of Public Works, the late Duarte Pacheco.

The popular living figure is the President, Marshal Carmona. He is theoretically chief of the government, who hired, and can fire, Dr. Salazar at will. It is he who appears at the receptions, approves of the babies, and lays the cornerstones; he stood for re-election in 1928, 1935, 1942, and 1949. The austere Dr. Salazar actually runs everything, but he is invisible to the public except for an occasional speech. Marshal Carmona officially represents the historical and modern principle of absolutism in Portugal. He came to power in the military revolution of 1926 with no other program than that of establishing order. He called in Salazar, the economist, when Portugal

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was dead broke. It was after Salazar was made Prime Minister in 1932 that the new constitution was written and the corporative state established.

Fortunately for Carmona's air of eternal benevolence, the sharpest and hungriest complaints come from the south of Portugal. Here the population is too thinly scattered and too traditionally poor to make a widely audible fuss. In the south, the current economic crisis is visible as it is not in the green and industrious north or in the cities of Oporto and Lisbon. This half of the country that lies below the Tagus River looks like a different world. The drought has dried the whole surface of the land. This year's rain has not yet helped the wheatland, which is so poor that only one-fifth of it can be cultivated each year. The rest must lie fallow to recover from producing a crop. The dusty olive trees still bear their full complement of fruit, but the demand is smaller now than it was when the sardine industry flourished and Portuguese sardines were canned in Portuguese olive oil. The roads that run through the district of Beja, in the heart of the cork-tree groves, are still unsurfaced. It is said that as cork sales declined, the people in their desperation stole the tar sent down by the government and sold it to buy food.

The slow-moving, patient southern laborers still yearly strip the cork oaks to their gorgeous mahogany-red inner skins, pile the squares of raw cork in rope bags on carts, and turn it into champagne stoppers. Portuguese cork is the best in the world, but plastic substitutes have replaced it in many a bottle, and the Spanish are selling their cork cheaper. There is a surplus of cork, and this third largest of Portuguese businesses is also in the doldrums.

The opposite difficulty is destroying Portugal's second largest business. There is still a demand for the big, succulent Portuguese sardines, but the sardines have suddenly left. The government pooh-poohs the theory that its newly established whaling industry has caused the small fish to migrate by removing the whales that made the sardines hug the shore. Another theory is that trawlers have dug up the sardines' food and their eggs. Whatever the explanation, many fishing boats and canning factories are idle.

The educated Portuguese are fond of explaining themselves in terms of their national character. It is because they are as they are, they will tell you, that they are apathetic and quiescent under dictatorship, rather than furious or reform-minded or corrupted, like the Spanish.

The dramatic differences in the appearance and way of life in the two halves of Portugal, the differences between the primitive villages and farms and the sophisticated cities, only underline the homogeneity of this tiny country's population. The people speak a language that varies almost not at all from province to province. They share an astonishing number of characteristics. It can be said that rich and poor, northern and southern, city-bred and country-raised, young and old, the Portuguese are gentle, well-mannered, friendly, helpful, law-abiding, and thin-skinned. They are stubborn and argumentative but rarely belligerent. They drink but are seldom drunk. They love picnics, cars, fresh paint, cigars, sweets, talk, football, and men on horseback, especially when the latter are fighting bulls. They are proud of their faults, depreciate their virtues, cherish their past and their children. They are easy to lead and hard to shove. They look alike and are profoundly, personally democratic. The Portuguese will survive catastrophe, but may die over details. In the nineteenth century they fought for thirty years over whether a liberal king should grant the country a constitution, or whether the country should impose a constitution on a liberal king.

They love exceptions to their own rules. They have emasculated bullfighting by eliminating the picador who wounds the bull from horseback, and by insisting that the bull be coaxed from the ring unkilled. But their hero of the moment is a Portuguese bullfighter, Manoel dos Santos, who fights in Spain and kills extremely well. Women are still supposed to remain at home, but the Portuguese-trained lady bullfighter from Peru, Conchita Cintrón, is a national heroine, and Virginia Victorino is one of the country's foremost and most forthright playwrights. They are happiest listening to the *fados*—the mournful folk songs of the nation. They also love movies, especially American ones and especially those that feature Spencer Tracy, Bing Crosby, or Orson Welles. Rich and

poor, they derive their greatest pleasure from their glorious history and their present melancholy.

In Lisbon, all things Portuguese are to be found in their most vivid form. Its monuments to history—the castle and the Catholic church—still dominate the town and are kept like new. Swiss watches, American fountain pens and electric appliances, Scotch whisky, French brandy, English razors, and every brand of cigarette are for sale in streets jammed curb to curb with big American cars, testifying to the buying spree touched off by money earned during the war. The increasing admixture of small cheap European cars, and the diminishing stocks of foreign goods show the influence of a benevolent and economy-minded government, which forbade horn-blowing when the noise grew insupportable and which has almost stopped imports to preserve Portugal's foreign-currency reserves.

The talent of the government for small, economical compromises is apparent in its schools. Free lunches are furnished by government-organized mothers who provide, without pay, the energy and money to feed the pupils. Most teachers, thoroughly underpaid, manage to hold two jobs.

The Portuguese tendency toward resignation, rather than government regulations, makes it difficult to discuss politics in normal terms. No one is

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arrested for conversation; it is quite possible to be a coffeehouse Communist. It is only inadvisable to indulge in organized activity of any kind without a license from the régime. To organize politically on the Right will get you a jail sentence. To organize on the Left, to put yourself in the category of an active Communist, is to risk treatment well learned from the Gestapo and unpleasant to consider. Few try it. There are an estimated one thousand Communists, coffeehouse or otherwise, in Portugal, and as few political prisoners as there are anywhere dictatorship flourishes.

But coffeehouse criticism, despite the freedom, is rarely political any more. It is largely economic. The Portuguese will mourn that no one is buying; trade is restricted; money is scarce; Portuguese are timid in investment and unsure of their own country. Some few will argue for inflation and berate Salazar for not devaluing sufficiently and refusing Marshall Plan aid last year to avoid his bugaboo of debt. Others will criticize his acceptance of U.S. aid this year, when unusual drought made it a necessity. Almost no one ever suggests that the government *could* be changed, even if it should be.

To get an idea of Portuguese politics, I talked to three men, each in his own way passionate about his point of view, and each one an exception to the generalities it is so easy to make about the Portuguese. They presented, in counterpoint, a picture of Portugal that no foreigner could hope to draw.

The first was a truly happy man, rare anywhere and phenomenal in Portugal. He lived in Portugal's beloved past. He was a professor of history in Lisbon, a short, plumpish family man with a gray mustache, who bounced with joy as he discussed history from 1128 to the present. "Think of it," he said, "what a proud thing it is to be a Portuguese! With only a million and a half people, we discovered the world and divided it equally with Spain. We colonized Brazil! We colonized Africa! And our empire was not an empire of exploitation and indifference. Ours was an empire of the heart, of the soul! We sent as many priests as soldiers. Then, as now, the British were hated and feared. It was the Portuguese who were loved."

He even enjoyed talking of history after 1800, which most Portuguese refrain from doing, although he disapproved of it as a descent from glory. Portugal's struggle toward liberalism, which reflected that of the rest of Europe, he castigated entirely. "Even such late nineteenth-century thinkers as the writer de Quental and the historian Oliveira Martins and others realized that constitutional government was not for Portugal. Give the Portuguese a party, he will split it into a hundred. He can reduce a hair to a thousand. He must have a government that is above him. The Ministers must be appointed by one man and be responsible only to him for their efficiency. Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar"—he rolled the name over his tongue—"is the spiritual heir of the golden ages of Portugal."

The professor spoke with violence and ferocity of the period between 1910, when the last Portuguese king was dethroned, and 1926, when the military régime took power. "What did we have when we had a democratic republic? Chaos! Revolutions!"

A sober young architect in Estoril, the lavish suburb of Lisbon where rich refugees spent the war, gave the most able defense of his government. He had obviously given thought to his defense; and while it frequently echoed the statements of the official propagandists, he pointed out, with humorless persistence, that one was not afraid to grumble or to criticize in Portugal, if one were so minded. The architect had worked for the government for some years after his graduation from college, and he claimed to know the thing he praised.

He had great admiration, although no sense of affection, for Dr. Salazar. He admired the ascetic simplicity of the dictator, who works so hard, eats so little, and gets only four hundred dollars a month, plus a furnished house, and car and chauffeur. "The good of the nation," said the architect, "is Dr. Salazar's only consideration."

With meager statistics, which are not readily available in Portugal, the architect supported his thesis that this government has steadily improved the lot of the common people. Between 1927 and 1947, 3,935 primary schools (the first four grades) had been built, bringing the total to 11,109. The number of pupils had nearly doubled—from 318,437 to 613,408. Illiteracy, according to his and the government's claim, had been reduced from sixty per cent in 1920 to an estimated twenty in 1950. Twenty-five years ago, it was impossible to drive from Oporto to Lisbon. Public-health service was a haphazard affair. Now almost all children are vaccinated, at least against smallpox. If the government has built more post offices than hospitals, more roads through the villages than proper sanitary installations in them; if it has permitted the private importation of cars when it could not afford tractors—nevertheless it has done everything possible for the country.

The Salazar Government, the architect said, had no idea of using water power to industrialize the whole country, despite its ambitious hydroelectric projects. It wants only to industrialize sufficiently to raise the standard of living and meet its own needs and that of its colonies. It believes in social services, and these are being expanded as fast as possible. But they must be paid for as they go, by the government-controlled syndicates of industry and labor. Nobody starves—the Portuguese have lean, tough stomachs. The south is warmer, and it is no hardship for people with thick soles on their feet to go

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barefoot. If begging is common enough to harden the softest heart and exasperate the most sentimental humanitarian, "there are always those who would rather beg than work." The bad times are due to drought, and to world conditions.

Things are much worse in Spain than they are in Portugal, he said, but, paradoxically, he would not condemn the Spanish government in any way. He granted that Franco's *régime*, in contrast to what he thought of his own, is corrupt, inefficient, and unpopular. He blamed most of its troubles, nonetheless, on the impoliteness of the Allies and their refusal to grant Spain adequate help, and the rest on the intransigence of Spain's *ungrateful people*.

"The Portuguese are more docile," he said with pride, "but both countries must have dictation from above—or chaos and Communism. Our people

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have accepted this. They do not want democracy."

The man who answered him in a voice of intelligent and liberal-minded fury was a middle-aged doctor of medicine from Oporto. He had enough money to be fat, but he was lean; and when he spoke of his country, it was with a passionate melancholy.

Impatiently he granted all the virtues of the régime, from honesty to good will. With a gesture of both arms, he accepted the poverty of his nation. With a smile of appreciation, he acknowledged his countrymen's sense of beauty. He granted the indiscipline and confusion of the years that had preceded the 1926 military revolution. But his modulated voice grew harsh and strained when he talked of the present.

"It is not our economic condition that is horrifying," he said. "We have been poorer than this. It is our state of mind. What does it matter if you can read and write, or even eat, if you can no longer think? We have been told what to do until we can only say 'Yes, Papa,' and 'No, Papa,' and 'All right, Papa, if you insist.' We have become a nation of nice, well-mannered political children. We are permitted to talk, but not to act. We can foregather, but we must not organize. I tell you, Salazar has done more harm than Franco, even Hitler, because he is a good man.

"Everything is for our own good. In Spain, they are much worse off, but at least they are angry. It is better to be angry than acquiescent, even if it is less comfortable.

"Twenty-five years ago, everyone in Portugal was a politician. It was messy. It was inefficient and confusing. It was alive. Now we are half dead. No one is a politician except the men who say 'Yes, yes, yes, Papa,' and a few extremists and some old, foolish, and outdated liberals who came out from under their stones in the little election Papa gave us in 1949, to prove by their aimlessness that opposition to Papa is sinful, tiresome, and useless.

"The government has given us pretty stadiums, and we argue about football instead of politics. The government gives us our news of the outside world. It is held up by censorship, but it is accurate enough. But what has the world to do with Portugal? There are headlines and two paragraphs of text about what happened the day before yesterday or last week. We look at the headlines and turn to the sports page and talk about football. Papa takes care of everything else. The government is not us. It is he."

The doctor was skeptical about the so-called Opposition, the only real opposition, the men who hope to succeed Salazar. This opposition, within the framework of the one-party—or, as most Portuguese explain it—the no-party state, includes such men as Theotónio Pereira, former ambassador in Washington; Marcello Caetano, former Minister of Colonies and now chief of the Corporative Chamber; and Daniel Vieira Barbosa, former Minister of Economics, who was trained in London and who helped Salazar tide over a 1948 food crisis before he was dismissed. All of them claim that they would like to liberalize the present form

of government by permitting real opposition within the party, by distributing power more widely so that the various organizations within the state would be autonomous, and so that the Ministers would be directly responsible to the people, instead of the Prime Minister.

"Once a man has dictatorial powers," the doctor said somberly, "he does not relinquish them. That is the nature and danger of dictatorships. Salazar used to threaten to resign if something he did was criticized. He no longer even threatens. He has said that he wants a healthy opposition. He really does not. During the election, he said of the liberals who opposed him: '. . . to bring it [the formula of democratic party politics] forward as a solution for the Portuguese political problem does not offer that minimum of experimental basis which would justify admission to discussion.' He said 'I am, as much as it is possible to be, a *free man*. By this he meant that he was not accountable to any other man, only to the 'dictates of my own conscience' and to his own interpretation of his Christianity. He said that—the man who is making slaves of a nation of free men. Or of men who once thought themselves free."

More calmly, the doctor discussed what happens when a dictator grows old in power. "It is inevitable. He wants no one around him who looks as if he might be as big as he is. He slaps down anyone who might some day be big enough for his job. And the people he has enslaved, jealous of anyone who is not all slave, help him to do it. You will see in the coffeehouses. If a man in the government begins to show signs of independence or of size, the coffeehouses will call him a robber. First, there is always this simple charge. Then, when he proves that he is incorruptible, they will call him stupid. If he shows beyond question that he is competent, they will say his wife cuckolds him. If her behavior is so exemplary that this is impossible to believe, they will say he is impotent. It is hard for a man to go around proving that he is not impotent."

At the end, the doctor said quietly: "He is isolated in his power, Papa is. No one around him will tell him anything. And he can let nothing go. He has worked himself nearly to death carrying the country on his own shoulders because he would not let his children grow up to help him carry this load. He cannot realize what he has done to us. And why did we let him? Because, like children, we were not strong enough. We did not discipline ourselves when we had a democracy. We did not believe in ourselves. We have been afraid. We were afraid of ourselves. Now, God help us, there is nothing left to fear."

—Lael Tucker

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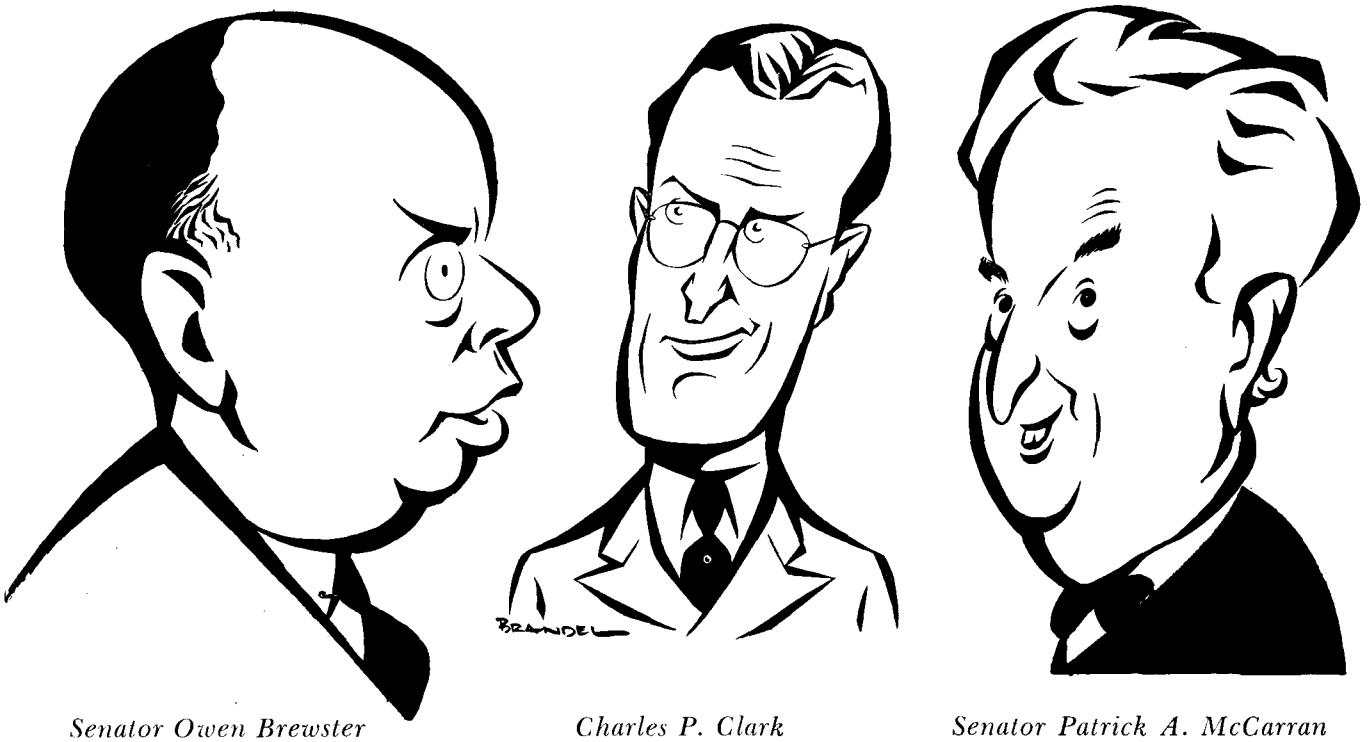

Senator Owen Brewster *Charles P. Clark* *Senator Patrick A. McCarran*

The Franco Lobby

A jumble of cotton, silver, cork, generals, society pages, and cocktails

It was early on Thursday, April 27, 1950. The Chaplain of the United States Senate rose and prayed. Eighty Senators answered when the clerk called the roll, then most of them ducked out. In the almost empty chamber, a small, half-bald man with sharp blue eyes and a protruding lower lip was recognized by the presiding officer and began in a flat, even voice: "Mr. President, the pending amendment to Senate bill 3304, offered by the Senator from Nevada and myself, provides for the insertion of a new title which may be cited as the 'Spanish Aid Act of 1950.' I call attention . . ."

The speaker was Owen Brewster, Maine Republican and the Senate's foremost champion of Franco Spain. Another round in the struggle of the Spanish lobby in Washington to secure American aid for Franco had begun.

Nearly two hours later, the Brewster-McCarran amendment to the 1950 ECA appropriation bill, calling for a $50 million loan to Spain, was defeated by a vote of 42-35. Four votes had determined the decision. At least eight Senators had agreed to oppose the amendment only after Administration managers on the floor assured them that the President and the Secretary of State would look with favor upon a Spanish application for a loan from the Export-Import Bank. The Spanish lobby had come closer to victory than ever before, and its defeat had been purchased only by the Administration's surrender of its outer defenses.

The "Spanish issue," in its present form, emerged at the San Francisco Conference at which the United Nations was organized in 1945. It was agreed then that Spain should be kept out of the U.N. because its government had been helped to power by the Axis. The Big Three reaffirmed this position at Potsdam in July, 1945. The question was thrashed out again in 1946 at the first meetings of the General Assembly and the Security Council. The upshot was that at its second meeting in December, 1946, the Assembly passed, by an overwhelming vote (including that of the American delegation), a resolution branding Spain as a fascist dictatorship, barring it from all U.N. agencies, and urging members to recall their ambassadors from Madrid. The American ambassadorship happened to be vacant at that time, and has been left vacant ever since. However, the resolution did not call for breaking off diplomatic relations, and the United States has kept a full diplomatic staff, headed by a chargé d'affaires, in Madrid. Thus, the question now is not, as is frequently stated, the "recognition" of Spain, but rather the resumption of full diplomatic relations.

December, 1946, was the high point of anti-Franco opinion. Since then, the more the Russian menace has grown the more the West has wavered in its attitude toward Spain. The United Na-

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Senator Burnet Maybank

Senator Walter F. George

tions remains, formally, the forum for debate on the subject, but more and more the real conflict has been centered in Washington. The decision will be made in the world of domestic politics and lobbying, amid the constant interplay of Pentagon "briefing sessions" and State Department "Congressional smokers," in the cloakrooms on the Hill, and at cocktail parties on Connecticut Avenue.

The conflict over Spain came to a head in Washington in March, 1948, when the House adopted the O'Konski amendment including Spain in the original ECA bill by a vote of 149-52. (Walter Lippmann called this a "diplomatic disaster.") The amendment was killed during the House-Senate conference on the bill. In July, 1949, Senator McKellar's Appropriations Committee wrote a $50 million loan for Franco into the second ECA bill. The whole Senate knocked this out, 55-36. At that time, Secretary Acheson issued a ringing statement blasting the Franco régime. By January of this year, however, Acheson had been brought around to the view that an exchange of ambassadors would be tolerable. He expressed this view in a public letter to Chairman Tom Connally of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. But, nonetheless, when the ECA appropriation came up for renewal, Senators Brewster and McCarran offered another loan amendment and lost by only 42 to 35.

The most striking feature of the Spanish lobby is that its activities have been carried on in a public-opinion vacuum. Unlike the lobbies for Israel or for a united Ireland, it has no vocal American immigrant group to draw upon. This is strictly a Washington operation. As far as the American public is concerned, the Spanish issue scarcely exists. Back in 1945-1946, during the first U.N. debates on Franco, the State Department received three to four hundred letters a week, most of them bitterly anti-Franco. Now the department gets an average of three to a dozen letters about Spain a month, mostly from such people as the importers of Spanish cork and almonds. This decline of public interest is reflected in the interest of the Senate. At the conclusion of debate on the Brewster-McCarran amendment, Connally chided his colleagues: "I very much regret that during the debate on this particular amendment the attendance of the Senate has been, I may say, so indifferent."

A foreign country's lobbying activity would logically begin with its ambassador, who is, after all, an avowed lobbyist by profession. Spain's nominal spokesman in Washington is Señor José Félix de Lequerica, who has the title of "Inspector of Embassies" and ambassador-at-large. Apparently he has no other embassies to inspect, since he spends all his time in Washington. A stocky, middle-aged Basque, Lequerica is a veteran right-wing politician, who served in parliament under the monarchy in the 1920's, was wartime ambassador to Vichy, and Franco's Foreign Minister in 1944-1945. He studied at the London School of Economics and speaks excellent English. Jovial, ebullient, and something of a gourmet, Lequerica has cut a wide swath in Washington and New York society. This "social fronting" seems to be his essential function. His relations with the State Department are virtually nonexistent.

Lequerica has a little private joke: He says he hopes to stay in Washington until "the ambassador-at-large becomes the ambassador at last."

A key figure at the Spanish Embassy is Señor Don Pablo Merry del Val, chief of the division of Cultural Affairs. Merry del Val is a member of a famous old Spanish family. His uncle was a cardinal and a papal Secretary of State, and his older brother is a veteran Spanish diplomat. Merry del Val, a suave man in his late forties, with the high forehead, prominent nose, and strong features of a Roman Senator, was educated at Stoneyhurst, the English Jesuit college, and speaks with a flawless upper-class English accent. He handles the embassy's public relations, keeps a close check of newspaper and magazine reports on Spain, and works hard to encourage a friendlier climate of opinion.

Spain's real day-to-day lobbying is done not by the embassy but by Americans. One Southern politician summed up the subject graphically, if somewhat inaccurately. "This Spanish business," he declared, "is four-fifths cotton and one-fifth Charlie Clark." The traditional Southern desire to sell its staple crop makes the role of cotton obvious; the role of Mr. Clark is, perhaps, less so. His registration form at the Foreign Agents' Office of the Department of Justice revealed that on February 1, 1949, he signed a two-year contract to serve as "special legal counsel to the Division of Cultural Affairs of the Spanish Embassy" at an annual salary of fifty thousand dollars. His work, he reported, was to "promote and encourage friendly relations and good will between the United States and Spain, via discussions with members of the American Press, Members of Congress, and Members of the Executive Branch of the Government."

Charles Patrick Clark's office is a smartly furnished four-room suite, equipped with two bathrooms, on fashionable Dupont Circle. The rooms are lined with autographed pictures of celebrities with whom Clark has worked. This includes quite a few, since Clark was either an investigator or assistant counsel for no less than five Senate committees in the five years

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before the last war. The prize, of course, was the Truman committee, of which Clark was associate counsel in 1941-1942 before he joined the Army.

Also on the wall of his reception room is a framed copy of a sports column from the October 29, 1942, issue of the Washington *Times-Herald*. The Washington Redskins professional football team, it said, "lost their most incurable fan yesterday when Charles P. Clark entered the Army. . . Whenever he [Clark] appears on the threshold of any local night spot, the Redskin song, as if by magic, just naturally comes bouncing from the band stand. . . ."

Clark is a ruddy-faced, prematurely gray Irishman of medium height who looks younger than his forty-two years. When I saw him, he wore a light-gray flannel suit with a contrasting red tie and a Trumanesque "picket fence" handkerchief in his breast pocket. He was wearing brown tortoise-shell spectacles, and he gestured expressively with surprisingly stubby hands.

He talks easily and without heat. "I am in favor of full resumption of diplomatic relations, and the inclusion of Spain in the Marshall Plan and the Atlantic Pact. It is simply a question of American self-interest. I do not go much for the argument that we ought to recognize Spain because we have diplomatic relations with the Iron Curtain countries. I put our relations with Spain in an entirely different category.

"As for my work on the Hill," he continued, "all I do is keep up contacts with people who are friendly or who have an open mind on the subject. I don't try to high-pressure anybody who says he's against us.

"Now, if I were you, I would bring out the Communist angle. Don't forget that it's Communist Poland who is always leading the fight against Spain in the U.N. And old Joe himself talked a lot about it at Potsdam. You know who started it all at San Francisco? Alger Hiss. He was right there on the job and poor Ed Stettinius never knew what hit him. Yessir, old Alger did a good piece of work for the Commies that time.

"I want to say it again. I put this Spanish issue on the highest plane. I am not interested in cotton or cork or aviation companies or anything else. It is simply to America's own selfish interest to have friendly relations with a country like Spain. Some people seem to think that because I am getting a fee for this work that I can't look at it from the broad patriotic angle," he concluded. His voice held no hint of either self-pity or reproach.

Clark is frequently painted as a very wily and somewhat sinister figure by people on the other side. Drew Pearson described him as "sitting in the Senators' gallery . . . like the master in a puppet show," during the debate over the Brewster loan amendment. Actually, Clark is no super-schemer. A lawyer who rarely practices in court, he has considerable charm, middling talents, an unusual memory for names and personal minutiae, and a stock of serviceable personal contacts and background knowledge. Despite his brief association with Mr. Truman, he has no influence with the White House and does not pretend to have. He does not drum up many votes for his client in Congress. Most of his Congressional support is ready-made by economic- and political-interest groups. It is ludicrous to say that Clark "delivers" the vote of someone like Senator Richard

José Félix de Lequerica

B. Russell of Georgia, the hard-boiled, cotton-conscious boss of the Dixiecrat caucus; or of Midwestern Republicans like Senators Joseph McCarthy and Kenneth Wherry. And yet Clark does perform a useful and entirely legitimate service for his clients. They have to have someone to "butter up" the wobbly Congressmen and to scramble around lining up their total strength when an issue is up for vote. No Senator, no matter how sympathetic, has the time to do this, and Lequerica and Merry del Val could scarcely do it.

Clark is not the only political operator serving the Spanish lobby. The Franco government also has on its payroll one of the capital's biggest law firms—Cummings, Stanley, Truitt, and Cross. This firm is "general counsel" to the Spanish Embassy and receives about thirty thousand dollars a year in fees; it does a great deal of conventional legal work for the embassy and it also handles negotiations now going on for an Export-Import Bank loan. Most of the firm's work for Spain is handled by Max O'Rell Truitt, a son-in-law of Vice-President Alben Barkley; and by Albert Reeves, Jr. a former Republican Congressman from Missouri. Truitt, one of Washington's highest-paid lawyer-lobbyists, also represents Generalissimo Trujillo's Dominican Republic, the leading Argentine shipping companies, and the combined tidelands-oil lobby. Truitt's many clients and his sensitive relationship with the Vice-President preclude his doing the extensive Congressional contact work for which Clark is paid, but they do not inhibit him from a little discreet high-level lobbying.

Contrary to the supposition in some quarters, the Catholic Church in America is not one of the groups actively backing aid to Franco. It is not that certain pro-Franco elements would not welcome Church assistance. One Catholic Northern Congressman said to me: "For Christ's sake, if the Church would just get on the ball on this thing, we could push it through in a month."

There are several probable reasons why the Church isn't "on the ball." First of all, it is doubtful whether it could push through a friendlier policy even if it wanted to, and opened a full-scale public campaign. Any overt involvement in the Spanish issue might lend credence to the honest fears of some Americans and the prejudices of others. Furthermore, such a campaign would only stir controversy in Catholic ranks, since some of the most distinguished American priests and laymen are cool toward Franco or outspokenly opposed to him.

Hence there exists the anomaly that while much is made of Spain's Catholicism, some of the staunchest supporters of the Spanish cause in Washington

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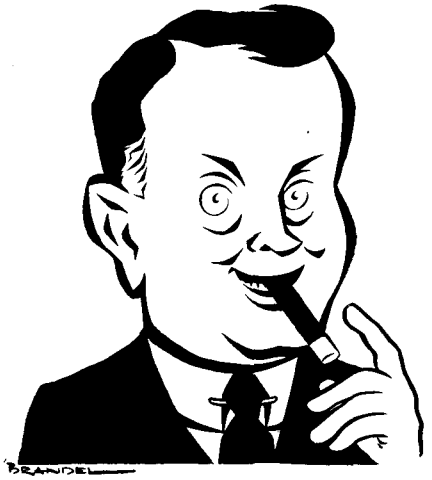
are Midwestern Protestants. Brien McMahon of Connecticut and Francis Myers of Pennsylvania, two of the most prominent Catholics in the Senate, always vote against aid to Franco.

The reported persecution of Protestants and Jews in Spain is a delicate and potentially explosive issue for the Spanish lobby. The Federal Council of Churches of Christ has not taken an official stand, but in *Information Service,* its weekly news bulletin, last October, it presented an unimpassioned but rather bleak and depressing picture of the status of Protestants in Spain.

Representative Abraham Multer, Brooklyn Democrat, was encouraged to visit Spain last summer to investigate conditions among his fellow Jews. Multer says he returned convinced that his co-religionists enjoy perfect freedom in Spain, and that the minor abuses that did exist were corrected at his instance. Some of Multer's constituents, however, viewed his trip with skepticism. Others suggested that it was a subject more properly left to the



Juan T. Trippe

Israeli Foreign Office. Obviously, in the case of neither Protestants nor Jews is the religious issue one that the Spanish lobby cares to project too much into American public discussion.

The Spanish lobby has a cotton core. The South has a cotton surplus of some four million bales, which it is anxious to dispose of. Spain would like to buy some, for low-grade textiles are one of its chief industries, but it needs American credit to finance the purchase. Here, obviously, are the makings of a deal, and the cotton-belt politicians are now in a position to deliver. Two high priests of the Old South, Senators Walter George of Georgia and Tom Connally of Texas, rank one-two on both the Foreign Relations and the Finance Committees. Burnet Maybank of South Carolina heads the Senate Banking Committee, which passes on Point Four and similar legislation. Senator Kenneth McKellar, a Southern ally, is chief of the vital Appropriations Committee. On Capitol Hill, the voice of cotton is stentorian.

Lately, however, that voice has been silent on Spain. This is because the cotton bloc has fared so well under Truman domestically, and it ill becomes the Southerners to go all-out on a second-string issue. (Even with American aid, Spain could afford to buy only a modest amount of cotton.) But that does not mean the cotton bloc has not been active behind the scenes. The Southerners leave it to their inveterate fellow logrollers, Senator McCarran and the other members of the silver bloc, to take care of the public thundering, which they do mainly in return for favors and partly with the somewhat wild hope that, if Spain gets American credit, it will buy silver as a base for its currency.

Another group of vocal supporters of aid to Spain is the militant anti-Acheson wing of the Republican Party. The majority of the thirty-five votes for the Brewster amendment came from this faction, and all its leaders, such as Taft, Wherry, Bridges, and McCarthy, were accounted for. The motivation is much the same as in this group's support of the Chinese Nationalists. Spain is a stick with which to beat the Administration. It can be used to show the State Department's "softness" toward Communism. ("We recognize the Russians, why not the Spaniards?") Following Clark's cue, this group claims that Alger Hiss started the anti-Franco campaign. Finally, all of these men, ever since the Spanish Civil War, have looked upon Franco's "stable, orderly" régime as highly preferable to the "radical" government of the Republic. The Spanish issue fits neatly into the Roosevelt-Yalta-Hiss-Acheson-Communist demonology.

American importers who deal in Spanish cork, mercury, olives, and various luxury products feel that an ambassador in Madrid would facilitate their business and cut down on burdensome restrictions. This view is understandably shared by Americans who have investments in Spain as well as by those who would like to sell machinery and other capital goods there.

Aviation interests, led by Pan American World Airways, feel that their present market in Spain could be more profitably exploited. Spanish airports and safety equipment are antiquated. This special interest in itself would not be decisive, but it is an interesting coincidence that Senators Brewster and McCarran are the leading advocates of the "chosen instrument" approach to foreign air commerce long advocated by Juan Trippe of Pan American.

Brewster has on several occasions brought up the plight of American aviation in Spain. On March 10, 1950, he told the Senate: "Particularly this year, when such a vast amount of traffic seems likely to move from America to Rome in connection with Holy Year, it is tragic that in the great airfields

Senator Kenneth D. McKellar

of Spain there are utterly inadequate facilities."

The closest thing to a large Spanish minority group in this country are the Mexican Americans of the Southwest. Public opinion in Latin America concerning Franco is deeply divided; what, if anything, the average American of Mexican descent thinks about him is not known, since no one has been vocal on the subject. But Senator Dennis Chavez, New Mexico Democrat, a spokesman of this group, is another figure in the broad pro-Franco coali-

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tion. He told the Senate during the course of debate over aid to Spain: "Mr. President, I have told the Senate before, and I shall tell it again, that if I were a subject of Spain possibly I would be in jail. I do not like many heads of governments throughout the world; but what are we going to do about it? . . . we certainly do not want to fight the people of Spain because we do not like Mr. Franco. There are babies in Spain, there are innocent people. . . ." Chavez voted for the loan.

The many disparate pro-Spanish elements all come together not only through self-interest but under the banners of sentiment and romance. Spain is the land of castles and lost dreams—as well as other things. This romantic aura is skillfully perpetuated by the social lobby and the cocktail-party circuit which are vital adjuncts to the Spanish cause in Washington. Mrs. Owen Brewster, the wife of the Maine Senator; and Ambassador-at-Large Lequerica are the chief figures in this activity. They are vigorously supported by Washington's corps of society columnists, who make no effort to hide their political views. The latter are led by Mrs. W. R. Hearst, Jr. ("Austine"); Evie Peyton Gordon, the veteran columnist for the Scripps-Howard papers; and Mrs. Maxwell Peter Miller, newly appointed by her uncle, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, to the editorship of the Washington *Times-Herald*. The highlight of the winter social season for this group was the party given by the Brewsters at the Mayflower Hotel in honor of Lequerica. The Mayflower's private dining room was decorated in crimson and yellow, the national colors of Spain. Mrs. Brewster wore the same colors—"a red lace gown and a corsage of rare yellow orchids fluted in red."

Within the executive branch, a keen struggle is being waged between the military and the State Department as to which shall control the shaping of our Spanish policy. The military, or at least the strongest element among the military, take a strong pro-Franco position. They think mainly of Spain's highly strategic military location on the rim of the Mediterranean, overshadowing Gibraltar, North Africa, and the route to Greece and the Suez Canal. They also feel that the North Atlantic Pact, which includes Portugal and France, is incomplete without the country that links these two. Franco, they argue, has three to four hundred thousand war-tested troops and a potential of seven hundred thousand more. It would be a dependably anti-Communist ally in time of war—unlike Italy, say, which would have a huge Communist fifth column. Against these solid advantages the military men feel that other "intangible" arguments have little weight. They expressed their views openly last summer when Admiral Conolly and his fleet stopped at Spain and paid an official courtesy call. (This incident evoked no enthusiasm in the State Department.) The military have even picked out their candidate for ambassador to Madrid—Admiral William Leahy, who performed a similar mission with success at Vichy.

A smaller body of opinion at the Pantagon takes the view that all of Europe will be overrun by the Russians, and wants the Pyrenees as a "natural defense line." The Spanish lobby has picked up this theme; and a recent press release says "the Pyrenees are the only uninterrupted bulwark between the Urals and the sea."

The chief Congressional advocate of the extreme Pentagon position is Senator McCarran. Last August he asked, ". . . is there a country in all Europe more essential to the defense of America than is the Iberian Peninsula?"

McCormick on Franco

In an article in the Chicago *Tribune* last March, the following were some of the accomplishments that Col. Robert R. McCormick attributed to Generalissimo Francisco Franco:

"He . . . originated the maneuver of moving troops by air."

"He originated the tactics of dive bombing."

". . . he originated the original blitzkrieg. . . ."

"His tactics were original."

"He destroyed the university, not considered of much importance in Spain. . . ."

"He . . . did not hamper our invasions of Africa, Sicily, and Italy. . . ."

". . . Franco remains the greatest general to appear on the European scene."

The capable young experts of the State Department Spanish desk are sharply opposed to this short-run policy based on a fear psychosis. But, on the other hand, they cannot offer so superficially plausible and logical a program. Their approach is not militaristic, but it isn't "liberal" either.

The viewpoint of the A.D.A.-labor elements, the chief opponents of the Franco lobby, is that Franco is now very weak and our aid would serve only to prop him up. The United States, this group says, should continue to refuse to send an ambassador to Spain, and should deny economic and military aid in any form, in the belief that without such aid Franco's collapse in the near future is inevitable. If any active course is pursued, it should be one of forcing the present government out.

The military agree that Franco is in danger of immediate collapse, but fear that he might be supplanted by a Communist-dominated régime, or that there might be a long interval of strife and weak governments. If we hurry and prop Franco up, they say, his will be one country we won't have to worry about in case of war.

The State Department is caught in the middle. It rejects the premise that Franco's government is in danger of falling. (Most reports which appear in the press to this effect come from Naval Intelligence and not from State Department sources.) Moreover, State Department officials do not see that it would make much difference whether Franco fell or not. Franco is only a narrow and overpersonalized symbol. His overthrow would result merely in the substitution of new window dressing for the feudal forces in control.

The department also, however, rejects the thesis that the European situation is so critical that we must fly into the arms of anyone who is opposed to Russia. Moreover, it depreciates Spain's value in event of war.

State Department officials distinguish between areas where the Communist threat is so critical that it overrides all other factors and areas where the threat is only potential, as it is in western Europe. There we can permit political considerations to be uppermost. From this vantage point Spain is an undesirable ally because it is so unpalatable to our third-force and socialist allies. Unless we are to "satellitize"

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these countries, we must respect their distaste for Franco.

This is a subtle argument which persistently escapes the advocates of aid to Franco. Senator Brewster, for example, declared in one speech in April: "Mr. President, we are aiding other European countries to the tune of many billion dollars, in total amount; and there is indication that we may increase to fifteen billion dollars the assistance going to them from us. Furthermore, during the war we gave them between thirty billion and forty billion dollars. . . . So it seems to me rather indelicate that the suggestion should be made that some of those beneficiaries of our aid object to having us assist Spain." This is the "We bought 'em, didn't we?" point of view.

Yet the present government position agrees with military thinking to the extent that it feels that world conditions are too tense and unstable to take a chance on producing chaos in Spain and jarring the western European economy by actively forcing Franco out, with the minor but always present possibility that his collapse would be followed by civil disturbances and Communist infiltration.

The State Department policy may be summed up as "Don't rock the boat, boys, we're too far from shore." This program envisages the return of an ambassador to Spain in the fall, once the U.N. has cleared the subject. But the State Department opposes Spain's admission to the Marshall Plan, the North Atlantic Pact, and the Military Assistance Program because the Franco government is out of tune with the spirit and ideals of the free countries of western Europe. Spain is to be kept at arm's length; its future democracy, if it is to have any, is left to the initiative of the Spanish people.

The crucial question is: Will Acheson be able to hold this middle-of-the-road line? He can do so only by stiffly resisting the Spanish lobby in Congress. Resumption of full diplomatic relations is, after all, only the first item on its agenda. Direct economic aid and participation in the Military Assistance Program are the next demands. Ultimately, if Franco's American friends have their way, he will be made a full partner in what is supposed to be the democratic community of the West.

—William V. Shannon

At Home & Abroad

'Mill on the Boneyard': The University of Illinois

It appears to be a condition of life in east-central Illinois that all things grow bigger. Year by year, the corn becomes taller, yields expand, and population increases. On the land, tractors crawl toward the horizon until at the end of their furrows they are toylike against the lower sky. Bigness is an attribute of the region, the measure of progress.

The area's proudest symbol is the University of Illinois, which bestrides the towns of Urbana and Champaign. The university exerts a dominating influence over the cultural, mechanical, and agricultural civilization of the State of Illinois, from the suburban wastelands of Chicago to the Ohio River.

On this campus can be found a new technique for harvesting sunflower seeds, Georges Enesco directing the student Sinfonietta, and a monolithic machine which tests the strength of steel by ripping battleship plates apart.

The people of Illinois are spending $85 million this biennium to support the largest single state university in the nation. Among all institutions of higher learning in the United States, the university is third largest in enrollment (28,592), after the University of California and Columbia.

Since its beginning in 1868, under the Morrill Land Grant Act of 1862, the university has been getting bigger every year. In the last ten years, enrollment has more than doubled with the onrush of ex-GI's. As the veterans depart, thousands of youngsters from Illinois high schools pour in to take their places, and the over-all population does not dwindle. One reason is that tuition for residents of Illinois (eighty dollars a year, not counting fees) is less than that of the average nursery school. Another is that anyone who finishes a high school approved by the university can enter without examination.

As more students swarm to Illinois, more buildings are added to the 156 on the university's 5,532 acres. Seventeen million dollars' worth of laboratories, classrooms, dormitories, and faculty apartments are under construction this year.

Students, whose feeling for their alma mater approximately equals the sentiment an office worker might hold for the dear old Empire State Building, refer to the place as The Mill on the

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Boneyard. The Boneyard is a creek which snakes across the north end of the campus. It derives its name from an old Indian custom of dumping dead animals there.

The biggest mass-participation event the university allows is the annual carnival. On the day before the one this spring, there was a tenseness on the campus and in the towns.

"The carnival is the only activity where all the students, Independent and Greek, mingle in a common enterprise," Mrs. Elmer Priebe explained. Mrs. Priebe is director of the Illini Union, a massive social center which sponsors about three hundred activities, ranging from dances to foreign films.

"The purpose, of course," she said, "is to raise funds for the Campus Chest, a community-fund affair. Of all the programs we have, I think I like this one particularly. It brings the students out of their shells and their cliques.

"There's no class spirit here nowadays. At reunions you hear the alumni talk about it, but now our school is too big. On a large campus like this, one really has more in common at the personal-interest level."

Mrs. Priebe has done as much as anyone to bring students out of shells and mold the manners and mores on campus. She has published a book of collegiate etiquette called *Campus Cues,* which provides the answers to such questions as, "Should the stag line cut in from the center of the floor or the sidelines?" (always the sidelines) and "Who rings for the elevator when on a date?" (the man).

In a pleasant, pattering way, the book presents a system of social behavior which undergraduates appear to follow with close conformity. On a campus where students assemble from every state in the nation and fifty-three foreign countries, this seems to make life easier.

The ultimate purpose of the Illini Union and its continuous programs is to keep students from falling back on their own devices and standing in line at overcrowded movie theaters or hunting for brothels in various surrounding districts.

A pre-carnival parade was mobilizing at the south end of the campus. The budding branches of the big old elm trees vibrated in sharp gusts of prairie wind. On the Broad Walk, a promenade three blocks long flanked by rectangular buildings, a student—wearing basketball trunks, moccasins, and a bright-red feather, held in place above his crew haircut by a rubber band that made the veins of his forehead swell—was smearing automobile grease on his face. An upper-class fraternity brother slapped him hard on his bare white back. The "Indian" jumped.

"Me heap big bundle of nerves," he said. "Hey, can I go up to the parade now?"

"Go on up," said the Big Brother patronizingly. "Let's see if the House can't make a showing this time."

On Wright Street, the boundary between Urbana and Champaign, female Indians appeared in shorts and halters, their feathers artfully arranged to avoid entanglement with weekend hairdos. Students, townspeople, and university-staff members were forming up on the sidewalk to watch the parade. Its imminent start was suggested by blasts of a trumpet from one fraternity and the answering boom of a bass drum from another.

"This is a kermess, a rite of spring," a sociologist was explaining to a coed who was not in costume. "The significance is in what meets the eye, not in what doesn't—the reverse of most things that happen on this campus."

"I know," said the girl.

"On a big campus like this," continued the sociologist, "everything has to have a purpose. Otherwise, chaos."

"I know," said the girl.

"The screaming, the yelling, the capering . . . that's the significant part," the sociologist went on. "The Indian dress is actually an unconscious disguise, you know, a device to remove inhibition."

"That's true," said the girl.

"What you do not see," he said, "the good-works idealization is purely and

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simply a sanctimonious rationalization for a lot of hell-raising. Which, I might say, is—do you have to push, you back there?—is a biological sublimation."

"What isn't?" said the girl.

"It's controlled," he said. "This is controlled hell-raising. They turn it on and shut it off."

"Who does?" asked the girl.

"They do," said the sociologist, jerking his head toward the Administration Building.

"It would be difficult, I think, for the student to escape our net," Coleman R. Griffith, the university provost, was saying. Like President George D. Stoddard, to whom he is second in command, Griffith is an educational psychologist.

"We have students full of mental conflicts and emotional blocks," he said. "Our belief in this matter is that some faculty person should be available to handle such cases in terms of concrete class or laboratory situations."

The "net" is an extensive system of counseling service and faculty watchfulness which pervades the university at every echelon. Its purpose is to catch the student who deviates conspicuously from the behavior of the rest.

When caught, a deviationist is urged to submit himself to guidance, which is given by the Student Counseling Bureau, his instructor, or a psychologist.

If the student cannot be "reached" by any of the guidance agencies, and remains intractable or becomes defiant, he may be diagnosed as a psychoneurotic and dismissed. Grounds for dismissal are cheating on a final examination or conduct prejudicial to the university. The latter provides authorities with all the leeway they need to rid the campus of undesirables, misfits, or chronic nonconformists. The identification of collegiate wild boys as psychoneurotics appears to be a highly workable method of controlling a large student body.

Students themselves say the campus is a quiet place. There are no riots, demonstrations for and against causes, battles between town and gown, or other traditional manifestations of dissent. Any spontaneous mass display of feeling toward a national or international crisis would be unthinkable. The student newspaper, the *Daily Illini,* which could become a focus of dissent, is controlled by the faculty, which selects the senior editors.

In Urbana-Champaign the idea seems to be that the university is too big and too purposeful to tolerate any shenanigans which might attract the

attention of the legislature. Mass-participation events, such as the spring carnival, are organized around a solid core of charitable works.

"In about eight minutes," said the dean, "all hell is going to break loose out there."

Dean of Students Fred H. Turner is the key executive in charge of student life and welfare, for which he is responsible to the president, the provost, and the trustees. He heads a hierarchy of associate deans of students, guidance and counseling services, and student-faculty discipline committees which ultimately has its finger on the behavior and attitudes of every student. "Discipline" may be the wrong word; the policy of the watchful eye now operates on the high stratum of educational psychology.

"They're having the parade to promote the carnival tomorrow night, you know," said the dean. "It's supposed to start at 3:50 P.M. and end at 5. They're pretty good about keeping to the schedule."

He rose briskly, a pleasant, competent personnel man. "I suppose I had better get to the senate committee meeting before they cut loose," he said.

The senate committee on student affairs is the policy- and rulemaking body for student activities. Composed of eight students who are chosen by the student senate from among its own membership, and eight faculty members, it is cited as one of the aspects of student democracy in taking a hand in running the university. But Dean Turner can annul any decision it makes which he believes may prejudice the position of the university as a public institution.

"The only disagreement we've had this year," said the dean, "was on a proposal for a girls' football game. I ruled 'em out on that. Anyway, it snowed the day they were scheduled to play."

In the $1,500,000 Illini Union building, the lounges were sparsely populated. A young man in horn-rimmed glasses played a quiet medley of tunes on the piano to himself. A girl in a tight sweater and snug blue jeans sat on a sofa, her legs tucked under her. She glanced up as her date came in.

"Well, it's about time," she said. "I was just about to file a claim."

They began to neck. The piano player watched without interest, nodding his head to the rhythm of "Begin the Beguine."

Dr. Louis N. Ridenour, youthful dean of the Graduate School, lighted a cigarette and sat back in the armchair of his paneled study.

"This institution has to be big, or vacate the responsibilities it has to the people of Illinois as a public university," he said.

"From the standpoint of education, there's no doubt a lot of the undergraduates would be better off in a community college which does a good job of advanced trade-schooling. But if they want to come here, we have to take 'em. It's the law. There is an order of priority here which goes to the things that are unique in the university. From our viewpoint, it's more important to provide the lab equipment for one graduate student than the money to take in a dozen more freshmen. Graduate work is the first order of priority here. This is something central to the idea of a university. Research, development, higher training.

"Why do you have a university in the first place? Ever since the days of Gutenberg, information has been available to everybody who can read. The advantage of having a big univer-

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sity is that you have a great many people of different viewpoints and training who come together and become interested in a problem.

"The advantage of bigness is that it can afford the men and the equipment to do big things. We're building an electronic computer which will cost $500,000. It will measure qualitatively as well as quantitatively. It's a device for the philosopher, the economist, the sociologist, the archaeologist, as well as for the mathematician.

"The physical scientists who are building this machine can show the social scientists how it can be used to advance their knowledge. We think we can mechanize the logical and mathematical aspects of law, and get answers to legal questions from the computer.

"There's big money, big machinery, and big people here. We research everything—the legislature, agriculture, industry, business, housing. We're even researching ourselves.

"The function of a university is to serve as a center of learning, to provide the tools to explore beyond what we know. It's a big pyramid. At the base, the freshmen may become swamped and confused. The only thing they get here they wouldn't get at Podunk College is contact with big people. Maybe we do an average job in mass education. But at the top level of advanced study, we do a magnificent job, and fundamentally that's the real purpose."

Next day the *Daily Illini* reported:

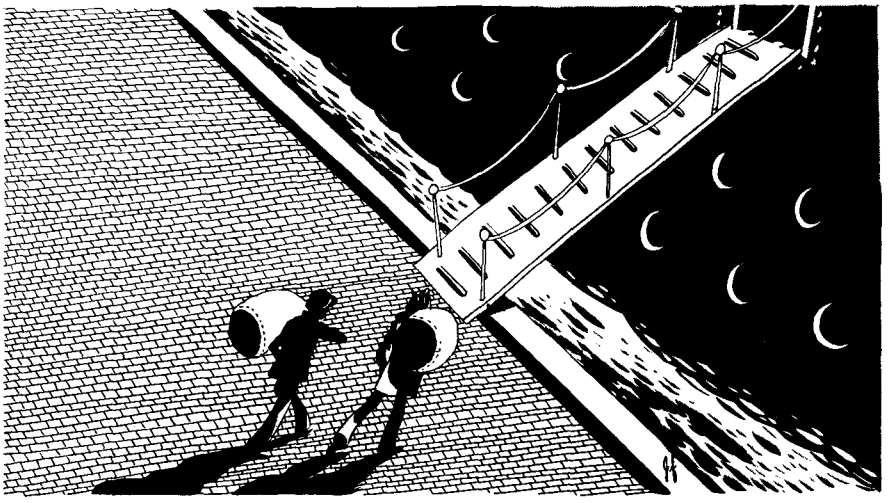
"Thousands of students paraded all day yesterday in the largest mass movement ever seen on this campus.

"Until 4 P.M. yesterday, students did a remarkable job of adhering to the rules of the university administrators, who had set time limits for stunts and parades on campus and Wright St.

"It was at 4 P.M., though, that traffic jams tied up busses, trucks, and made the period from 4 to 5:30 P.M. one continuous madhouse.

"Visitors from out of town would have been amazed, and possibly appalled, at the conditions on Wright St. yesterday afternoon.

"At any rate, it's a safe bet they would have received the wrong impression of the university and its students." —RICHARD LEWIS



The High Seas

Escape to Panama

Under ordinary circumstances, the launching of the *Olympic Flame*—a big, fast, but otherwise unremarkable tanker—would have gone off quietly. As the ship slid off the ways at Sparrows Point, Maryland, however, a near riot broke out in a neighboring union hall, where four hundred American seamen were debating whether to take the ship over, to beat up her crew, or to picket the U. S. Maritime Commission's offices in Washington.

Subsequent news stories brought to light the *Flame*'s unusual features: Although built by American workers and in the service of an American oil company, she flew the Honduran flag, was owned by a Greek citizen, documented under a Panamanian corporation, and manned by a German crew flown in from Hamburg.

The reticence of the *Flame*'s operators about these matters was understandable. The day she went to sea, there were about 1,450 unemployed American seamen in Baltimore. That morning, five jobs were called out in the union hall. The men who were hired would receive $226 a month. The thirty-nine Germans aboard the *Flame* would be paid $53.57 a month.

No vessel under the American flag could have gotten away with these wages. But the *Flame* had slipped into a runaway fleet that sails beyond the reach of union organizers, as well as tax collectors, safety inspectors, and American maritime law.

The flight of American shipowners to foreign registry is turning a sick industry into a dying one. In the last five years, our merchant marine has shrunk dangerously; the U. S. tanker fleet alone has been reduced by one-third. Maritime unemployment is worse than it has been since 1923; fifty thousand American seamen out of 110,000 are now on the beach. Two Congressional committees have investigated the foreign-registry practice, condemned it flatly as immoral—and found no effective way to stop it.

The trick is to "transfer foreign," a legal maneuver whereby an American shipowner, using a dummy corporation, shifts the formal registry of his vessel to the flag of a small and ineffectual nation. While several countries, including Honduras, Venezuela, and Liberia, are competing for this patronage (the Communist-governed Repub-

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lic of San Marino is the latest), the most successful has been Panama.

For a country which has virtually no navy, harbors, drydocks, or seafarers, Panama has had a phenomenal rise to nautical eminence in the past decade. Before the war, Panama had 159 vessels under its flag. Today, with 820 ships, it ranks as the fourth largest maritime nation in the world.

Most of these ships never carry a Panamanian cargo, almost none ever touch Panama's coast, and not one is manned by a Panamanian crew. They are the Foreign Legion of the sea: no home ports, very little pay, and no questions asked. Among their crews are men who have been drummed out of their home navies and unions; alcoholics and drug addicts who are frequently shanghaied into service; and Communist couriers who use the fleet for free world travel.

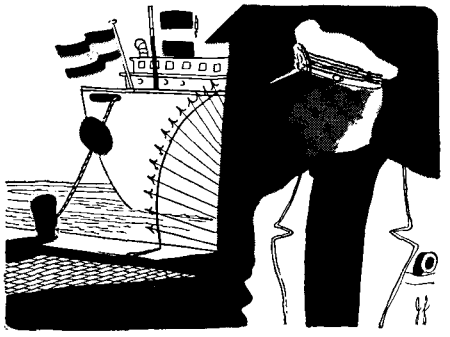
It is impossible to trace the ownership of all the Panamanian ships, since they belong to 384 heavily veiled dummy corporations. According to the best available estimate, however, almost half the fleet, and at least sixty per cent of its tankers, are American-owned. The biggest single owner is Standard Oil of New Jersey, which operates the largest fleet of tankers in the world. It keeps more than half (134 at latest count) registered foreign.

Other owners include big companies like Standard Oil of California, United Fruit, Atlantic Refining, Texas, and National Bulk Carriers; a group of Greek owners working behind American front men—Olympic, Orion, Mar-Trade; and one-shot speculators who run hundred-year-old floating coffins, one of which recently had to be sold for scrap in Antwerp for $1,200.

The shipowners' arrangement with Panama has mutual advantages. They pay a registration tax of one dollar a ton and an annual tax of ten cents a ton thereafter, which provide this republic of 746,000 people with a third of its national income. On its side, Panama gives the shipowners a free hand. Unlike American-flag operators, who are required by law to hire American crews, they can comb the world's waterfront for cheap crews; avoid the exacting safety inspections required by American statute; and dodge American taxes.

Under Panamanian "protection," for example, these companies are free to operate "crimp joints" in New York, which generally reject all American applicants.

One firm, the American-Arabian Oil Company (one-third owned by the Texas Company, which is half owner of a Panamanian company called Overseas Tankship Corporation), hires American chief engineers who are willing to accept $250 a month instead of the six-hundred-dollar union wage.



The other owner of Overseas Tankship—Standard Oil of California—became famous on the waterfront when it transferred a tanker which was docked in Hoboken and told the master: "Captain, you don't have to move out of your cabin, but from now on your wages are four hundred a month instead of $660, and you'll have a Chinese crew."

The wage and safety standards under Panama's flag are summarized in a so-far unpublished International Labour Organization report, which has been held up twice to give Panama time to collect itself (the release date is now set for June). Of the thirty ships investigated by the ILO commission, the report says: "There are no regulations to give effect to the Safety of Life at Sea Convention. There are no regulations concerning crew accommodations, manning requirements, hours of work, food on board ship . . . There are no remedies enabling seafarers to recover arrears of wages. . . . The crews have no social security . . . and in some cases have difficulty in making good their claims . . . safety [and also] social and labour standards . . . were found to be very low. . ."

The question of taxes was explored at some length by a Senate subcommittee headed by Senator Warren Magnuson, whose star witness was Millard Gamble, representing Standard Oil of New Jersey. Mr. Gamble testified that his company owned twenty-three Panamanian tankers, through its subsidiary, the Panama Transport Company; that this company had a net income of forty-two million dollars in the last ten years; that no tax had been paid on this sum until early in 1949, when a dividend of twenty million dollars was declared by the parent firm. The committee pounced on him:

Senator Magnuson: "The policy of the Panama Transport Co. . . . is to allow the profits, if any, to accumulate down there, then pay the dividend at . . . the most opportune business time?"

Mr. Gamble: "That is correct."

Senator Brewster: "I would not be so unkind as to suggest that taxes were considerably higher in 1944, '45, and '46 . . . so that probably you made several million dollars on the deferred dividend. . . ."

There is no law setting a time limit on the accumulation of such profits abroad, or indeed requiring that they ever come home at all.

It cannot be said that the shipowners have no case for their flight to Panama. It costs an average of twenty-five per cent more to operate an American merchant ship than a foreign one. Roughly ninety-five per cent of the differential is wages.

The American handicap is even greater because there has been a growing surplus of world tonnage since the end of the war. In 1939, there were 68,509,000 gross tons of shipping in the world. By the end of this year, there will be over 85,000,000 tons. Consequently, world shipping rates are nose-diving. Tankers traveling from the Caribbean to Britain, for example, were getting $21.61 a ton in February, 1948. By last summer the rate had dropped to $3.28 a ton.

This competition has forced American operators to lay up 150 cargo ships this year, and the U. S. seagoing merchant fleet today totals only 1,195 ships. (Again, the Panamanian figure is 820, and none of its ships is idle.)

The question is whether transfer to Panama is the valid solution. By escaping to the lowest wage standards in the world, American shipowners are not only increasing unemployment here, but are also impeding the efforts of international seafarers' organizations

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to push world wage standards up. Moreover, each transfer creates a double share of unemployment here: One American crew is thrown out of work immediately, and later the transferred ship, which operates so cheaply, takes cargoes away from other American vessels.

Perhaps even more important is the issue of military security. In the last war, the government had to build five thousand vessels at high speed and enormous cost, and to spend a quarter of a billion dollars to train crews. Half of those men have now been driven out of the industry, and just about half the ships have been lost to the American flag either by sale or transfer. The merchant fleet is now back to its 1939 level.

Of the total ships lost by transfer, an estimated 368 have gone under Panama's flag. The shipowners argue that in the event of national emergency these vessels can be turned back to American registry; and Rear Admiral W. N. Callaghan has testified that there is an agreement with Panama to this effect. He added, however: "This does not mean the Navy recommends promiscuous transfer to foreign registry. Quite the opposite . . ."

The reasons for his reservations are obvious. Even if the present Panamanian Administration has made such a promise, we would be highly optimistic to expect subsequent Panamanian Governments to keep it. Even if they wanted to, the actual operating control of these ships in time of war would rest with the crews. The presence of German and Chinese, to say nothing of Communist, seamen is hardly reassuring in this regard.

Transferring foreign, under present regulations, is very hard to stop. There is nothing to prevent an American company from building a new ship and documenting it immediately under a foreign flag; and in fact, of the thirty-two tankers built here by American capital since 1948, all but four have been registered abroad.

Ships already flying the American flag, it is true, cannot be transferred without the approval of the Maritime Commission. But for various reasons it has been extremely generous about approving transfers.

Last July, when a House subcommittee called the commission on the carpet, it promised that it would approve transfers in the future only when actual bankruptcy threatened. This winter, though, the commission approved the transfer of six more tankers belonging to Standard Oil, and five cargo ships belonging to National Bulk Carriers, neither of which was on the point of bankruptcy. The Senate promptly investigated. It learned that the commission's decision was a consequence of coercion. Both companies were building new ships in American yards; and each informed the USMC that unless the transfers were granted they would document the new ships abroad. While the commission debated, Standard Oil flew British crews into New York. When the transfers were okayed, Commission Chairman Philip Fleming said, "Standard Oil, acting in good faith, flew the crews back to England at Company expense."

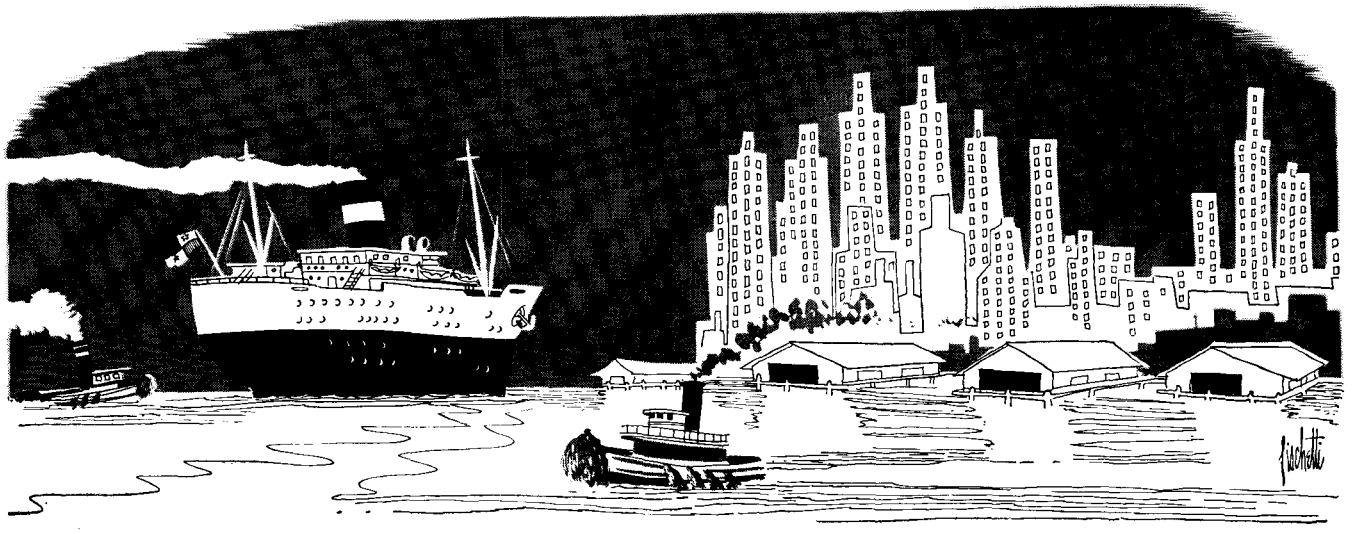
While the Senate subcommittee members were obviously angered by such tactics, they hesitated to make final recommendations, realizing how difficult it would be to solve the very real economic problems of the shipowners.

The alternative to foreign registry, in the opinion of some experts, is a huge increase in the government subsidy program. This would not only be incalculably expensive, but could lead to tremendous financial scandals. (During the war, the twelve shipping companies which got the bulk of subsidies increased their net worth from $64,786,000 to $363,554,000.)

Meanwhile, the international labor movement has begun taking matters into its own hands. The International Transport Workers Federation, which includes most of the major western European transport unions and many in the United States, has called upon sailors, ships' officers, tugboat pilots, and stevedores on every waterfront to boycott runaway ships.

While the western European unions will probably support the boycott unanimously, the possibility of united action in the United States is still uncertain—since there are such widely disparate groups involved as Curran's CIO union and Joseph Ryan's AFL one on the East Coast and Harry Lundeberg's and Harry Bridges's violently warring groups in the West. It is barely possible, however, that continually rising unemployment will bring these groups together on this one point—which would be the only socially useful by-product of the entire situation.

—CLAIRE NEIKIND



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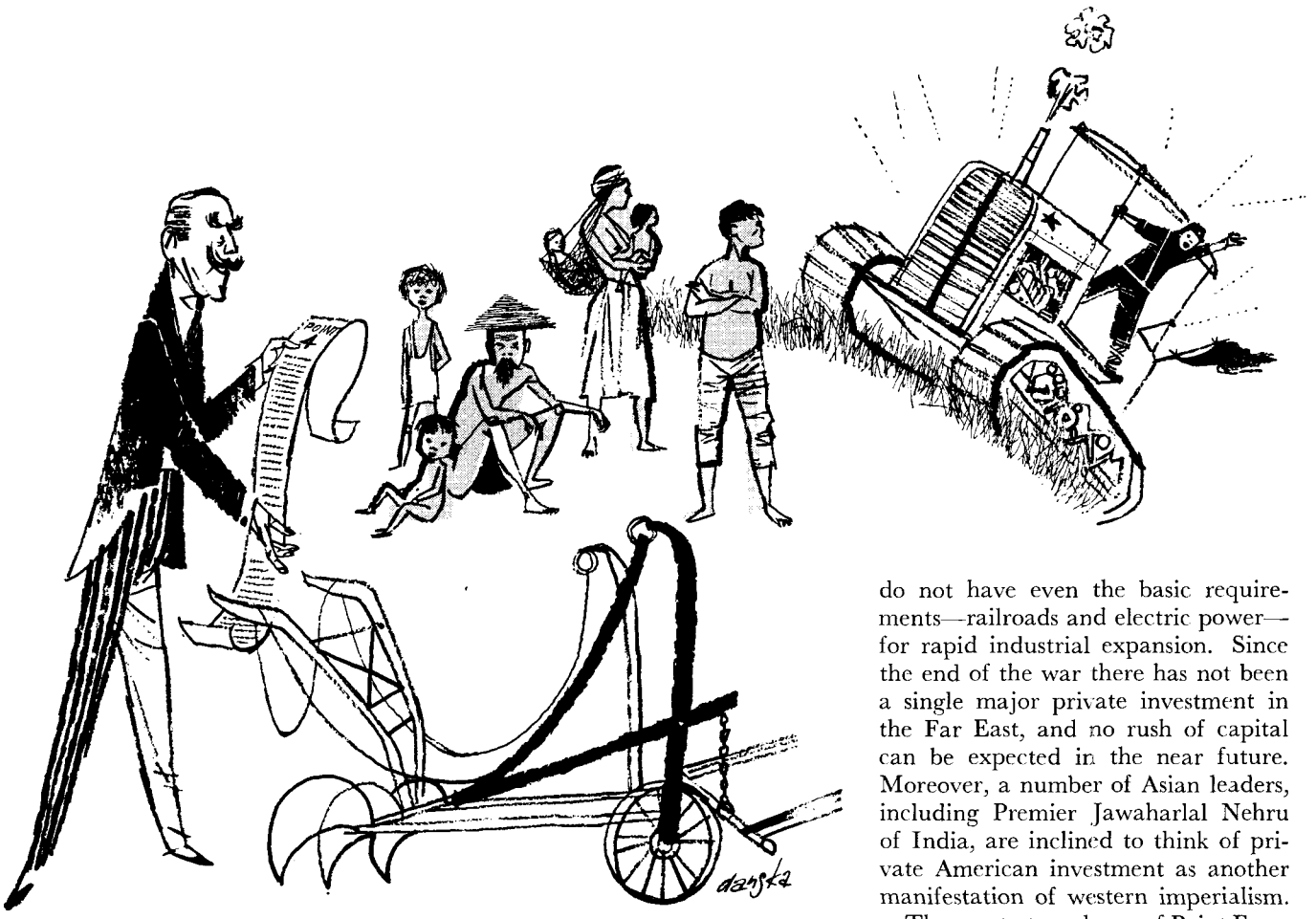

Far East

Time for High Speed

In San Francisco on March 15, Secretary Acheson gave a concise but skeletal outline of the problem faced by President Truman's Point Four program as it applies to Asia. ". . . the whole great region [of Asia], containing more than half the population of the world, is changing profoundly," he declared, ". . . [the change] is brought about by a deep and revolutionary movement of the peoples . . . that movement . . . is made up of two dominant ideas . . . revulsion against misery and poverty . . . [and] revulsion against foreign domination."

Acheson's words did not convey the grandeur, or the gravity, of this revulsion. "Poverty" is a weak term when it comes to describing the hunger and disease that are the life companions of the Burma peasant. "Misery" becomes a euphemism when it is used to dismiss the horror and degradation of Bombay's slums. And no words can describe the burning, organic hatred of the Viet Minh guerrilla watching heavily armed French convoys rolling down Indo-China's dusty roads.

In this situation, Point Four envisages only technical assistance and limited financial aid to pave the way for large-scale private American investment in the backward countries. American capital, however, has shown an understandable reluctance to invest in an Asia that is politically unstable and highly susceptible to Communism, to woo underdeveloped countries that do not have even the basic requirements—railroads and electric power—for rapid industrial expansion. Since the end of the war there has not been a single major private investment in the Far East, and no rush of capital can be expected in the near future. Moreover, a number of Asian leaders, including Premier Jawaharlal Nehru of India, are inclined to think of private American investment as another manifestation of western imperialism.

The greatest weakness of Point Four, however, is its lack of dynamic realism. As a weapon against Communism it would serve, in the words of the State Department, as "a concrete demonstration of the economic progress toward higher standards of living which can be realized through democratic means." Point Four has a reasonable chance of success in South America and other areas not menaced by powerful Communist movements. Asia is highly unstable, and indigenous Communist groups flourish in the lush undergrowth of oppression and misgovernment that characterize almost every country in this part of the world.

Finally, the Point Four planners failed to foresee the speed with which China was to become Communist, and apparently did not realize the impact this victory would have on the rest of Asia. While Americans debated foreign policy and the Truman Administration shied away from commitments that it feared an economy-minded Congress would not support, the Asians became first disillusioned, and then cynical, about American promises.

The State Department clung to its view that Point Four's "duration and success will be measured in decades rather than years. Spectacular results

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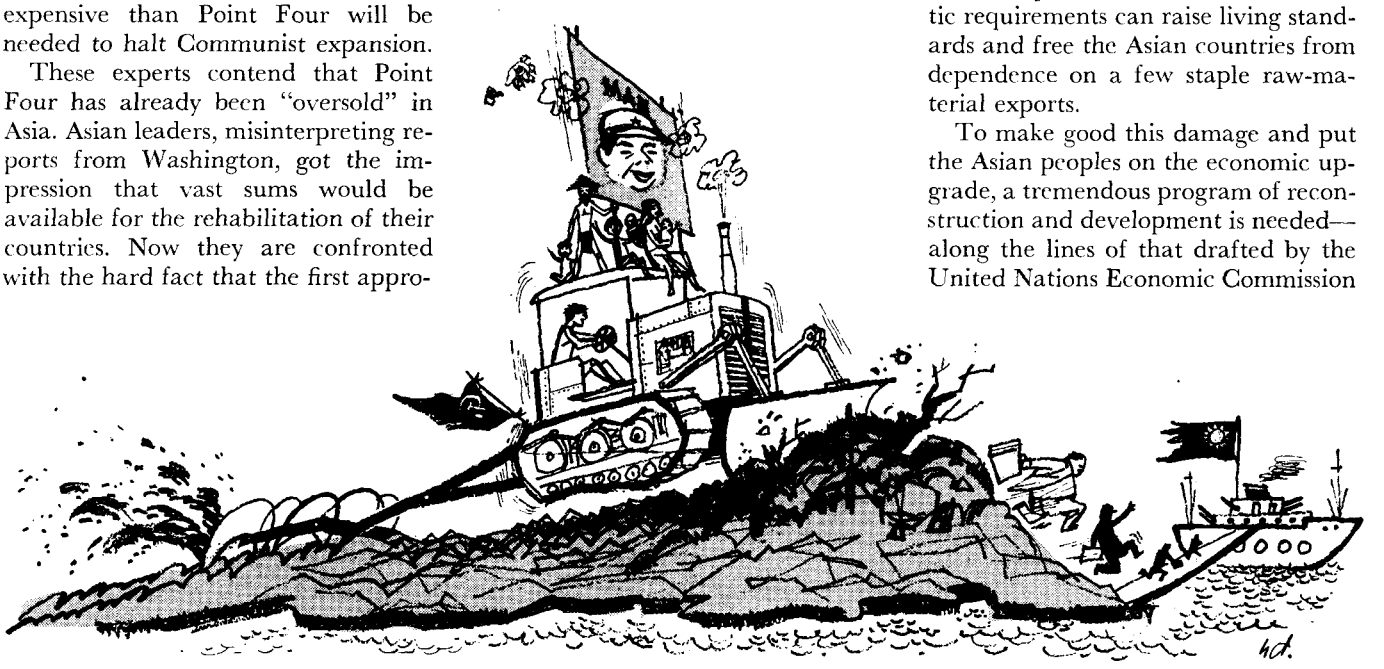
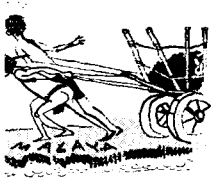
cannot be expected immediately." This was a sound analysis of the evolutionary approach, but it aroused the opposition of a number of American experts on Asia who believe that a program more dynamic and far more expensive than Point Four will be needed to halt Communist expansion.

These experts contend that Point Four has already been "oversold" in Asia. Asian leaders, misinterpreting reports from Washington, got the impression that vast sums would be available for the rehabilitation of their countries. Now they are confronted with the hard fact that the first appropriation, after more than a year of inaction, will be no more than $35 million.



This news that large-scale American aid will not be forthcoming after all has increased Asia's latent desire not to choose sides between the United States and Russia. Many American officials believe that if Asia persists in trying to be neutral it will inevitably fall to the Communists, simply because it lacks both the financial and the developed economic resources to resist. American dollars might give these countries greater powers of resistance, and at the same time incline them more toward support of the West against Russia.

Asia's problem is as old as mankind and as raw as the earth the peasant scratches in Thailand and Indonesia. In the years 1921-1925, Asia produced enough rice to feed itself. By 1940, rice production had risen seven per cent and population twenty per cent. Production today is far below the prewar level, while the population has increased by another ten per cent. The continent has one-half of the world's population and one-third of its cultivated land. There is poverty on a scale that is practically incomprehensible to people in the West. (In 1939, the per capita income in India was thirty-four dollars, and in Indonesia twenty-two dollars a year, as against $539 in the United States.)



To make matters worse, Asia's chronic poverty has been compounded by the destruction of the Second World War and the subsequent civil wars. Burma's oil refineries, for instance, are ruined and its mines heavily damaged. India's railroad system, overworked by the Allies during the war, is in desperate need of repairs. The rubber plantations in Indonesia are just beginning to recover from the four-year civil war. Indo-China's rich coal and iron mines are still paralyzed by civil war, and many of its lush ricelands are lying fallow.

Asia needs at least a billion and a half dollars' worth of imported equipment and materials to rehabilitate and develop its transportation system to an adequate level. Improved transport will mean increased food production, more adequate distribution, and wider development of mineral resources as a major step toward limited industrialization.

Asia is predominantly agricultural, and except in Japan and India its industries are small and restricted in scope. In many areas the sole industries are those which process crops and ores for export. Only industrialization aimed at partial satisfaction of domestic requirements can raise living standards and free the Asian countries from dependence on a few staple raw-material exports.

To make good this damage and put the Asian peoples on the economic upgrade, a tremendous program of reconstruction and development is needed—along the lines of that drafted by the United Nations Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East. This five-year *minimum-reconstruction* plan would cost approximately $13,627,000,000, about $6.4 billion representing the cost of local materials and services and $7.3 billion the foreign exchange needed to cover purchases of capital goods and other imported materials. It includes such items as:

Electric Power: An expenditure of $1.2 billion for imported machinery to increase power production from four million kilowatts to 6.4 million in five years, and ultimately to 10.3 million kilowatts.

Textiles: An expenditure of one billion dollars to increase the number of cotton spindles from 15.5 million to twenty-six million in five years, and ultimately to twenty-nine million.

Iron and Steel: An expenditure of $665,000,000 to increase steel production from 1.3 million to four million tons a year.

The United States, with its commitments elsewhere, obviously cannot foot such an enormous bill. But a combination of American aid, World Bank

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loans, and British-French-Dutch assistance would help solve Asia's most acute shortage—dollar exchange and capital for development.

An effective aid program must deal with non-Communist Asia as a cooperating unit, according to American economists who have studied Point Four's potentialities. Aid to individual countries without reference to an integrated Asia-wide program would waste dollars and probably would be ineffective in the long run.

Most economists agree that the key to this integration is Japan. Japan is still the workshop of Asia, even though right now its productive capacity is not being fully utilized. It alone can absorb the raw materials produced by other Asiatic countries.

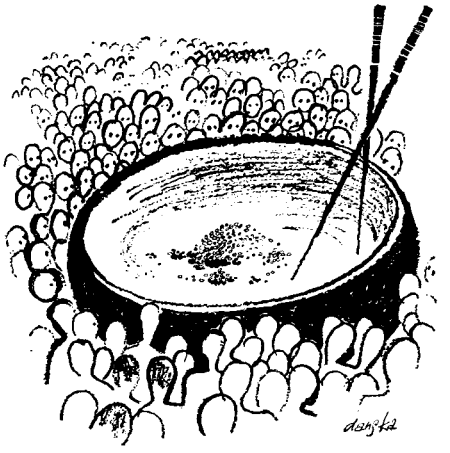
Asia is stalemated by lack of a credit structure. Japan at present receives between four and five hundred million dollars a year in American subsidies to finance imports of raw materials. But Japan's manufactured products are piling up because the other Asian nations do not have the foreign exchange to buy these goods. Even imported raw materials are being stockpiled in Japan because industrialists are far from eager to produce goods they can't sell.

Southeast Asia wants and needs Japan's manufactured goods. But all countries in this area are earning less foreign exchange than before the war and are spending more of their income for food. India, for example, spent most of its dollar earnings last year for food. Thailand, Indo-China, and Burma would normally trade rice for Japanese goods, but their export surplus last year was fifty per cent below normal.

Few if any Southeast Asian countries have the funds to buy capital goods to repair war damage, expand agricultural production, and revive their industries. But American economists in Tokyo believe this bottleneck can be broken by United States-sponsored credit arrangements.

Here is how the trade cycle would operate: Malaya has phosphates but is unable to finance construction of fertilizer plants. Thailand could increase its rice production by a million tons a year if Malayan fertilizers were available. Another 750,000 to a million tons could be added to Thailand's rice production if it could buy pumping plants and other equipment to expand irrigation facilities. Japan can produce both fertilizer plants and pumping machinery, and could use a large part of the increased rice production. But a catalyst is needed to set the trade cycle in motion.

Japan can produce annually approximately 750,000 cotton spindles, four



hundred thousand kilowatts' capacity in hydroelectric generating plants, more than five hundred railway locomotives, nearly eight hundred tractors, and more than three hundred thousand tons of steel rails. In turn, Japan needs the coal, iron ore, petroleum products, rubber, lead, salt, tin, and fertilizer that can be obtained from the Southeast Asia region.

Political difficulties do exist, since many Asians understandably fear Japanese economic power and the possibilities of future aggression. But most of Asia's leaders have declared that Japan must be permitted to expand industrially and trade freely. They say this because they realize that only Japan can supply the capital goods they need.

The American economists in Japan have come up with a "MacArthur Plan" which would give the Asian countries medium-term (three- to five-year) credits with which to purchase Japanese manufactures. It has been suggested that the yen received from the sale of American-aid imports in Japan could be used to finance the plan. Another scheme would be to permit the Bank of Japan to extend the necessary credits.

The strongest argument in favor of some type of Asian economic integration is that the United States can never make Japan self-supporting until that country regains its foreign markets. In the meanwhile, the United States will have to continue pouring dollars into Japan. By using those dollars to stimulate trade between Japan and the rest of Asia, America would be getting double value for its money. Japan would be headed toward self-support, and the countries of Asia would receive the capital goods they need to resist Communism.

It would be a mistake to assume that Asia's needs can be satisfied merely by lavish distribution of dollars. Exorbitant land rents, tenant insecurity, extreme taxes, gouging interest rates, disease, and illiteracy complicate the problem enormously.

One American expert in Japan points out that technical aid will require five or more years to produce tangible results. Irrigation projects and scientific seeding methods are long-term propositions. The peasants would receive very little of the benefit from increased production as long as their rents amount to sixty and eighty per cent of the annual crop. More important, the peasant is not likely to give up his demands for land and rent reform on the basis of a promise of eventual benefits from modernized agricultural methods.

There are other difficulties. Habit, tradition, and cultural patterns carried down through the centuries dominate Asia's agricultural practices. Persuasion and demonstration are necessary to induce peasants to accept innovations.

Dr. John King Fairbank, one of America's foremost authorities on the Far East, posed the problem when he said, "We must offer Asia more explicitly some of the promise of American life that vitalizes our own faith and makes us inexorably opposed to Communism."

The problem is not insoluble. The United States and its western partners can provide the catalysts, in the form of economic assistance and political suggestion. A gradual improvement in standards of living, continuous social and economic reform, and hope for the future are the only certain ways of combating Communist promises of freedom, land, and food. But speed is imperative. —Robert P. Martin

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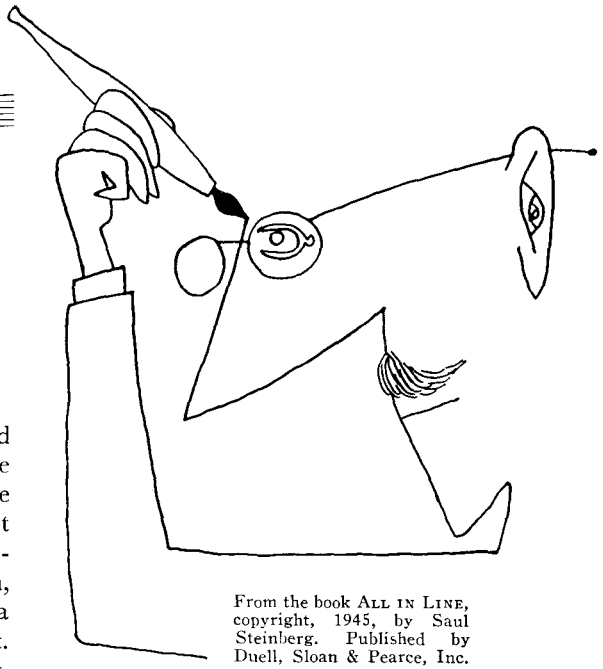
Civilization and Steinberg



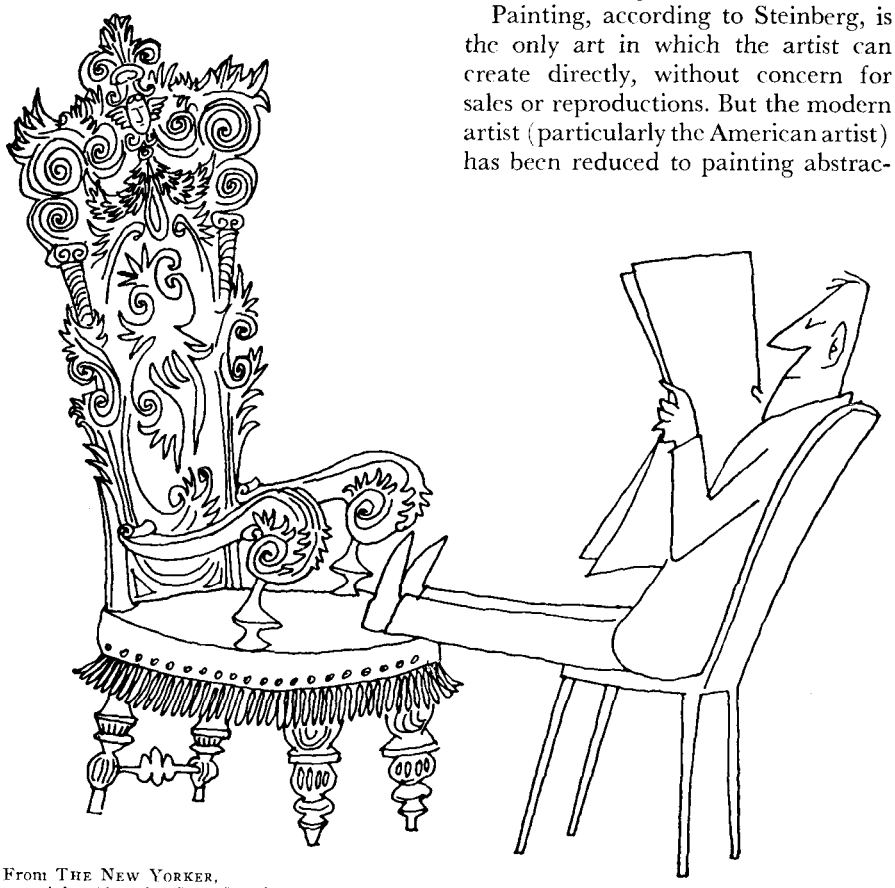
From the book ALL IN LINE, copyright, 1945, by Saul Steinberg. Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc.

Self-portrait of the artist

One of the casualties of our machine civilization is the comic genius. Most of our artists have either fled the mounting avalanche of mass entertainment and gadgets or have plunged despairingly and soberly into it. Chaplin is one of the few—the Marx Brothers and Rube Goldberg are others—who have fought robots with laughter. The cartoonist Saul Steinberg works from the same kind of pity for modern man and the same kind of respect for human ingenuity.

Steinberg is small and thin, with an air of stoical alertness that reminds one of a Viennese psychoanalyst, and at the same time suggests one of his own stony-faced creations. A Romanian by birth, he lived for a while in Italy, and has a degree in architecture from the University of Milan. He came to the United States in 1942, promptly got himself into the Navy after his nearsightedness led the Army to reject him, and brushed up on his English with a roommate who had a Southern accent. In Italy he had worked as an architect, but here he was relieved to stick to drawing. Once he had thought that by creating the places in which men ate, slept, and cleaned themselves, architects might help mold manners and values. But he found that they exercised no such influence. Their work was governed, he says, by the notions of domineering women who chose their rooms from magazine illustrations.

Painting, according to Steinberg, is the only art in which the artist can create directly, without concern for sales or reproductions. But the modern artist (particularly the American artist) has been reduced to painting abstractions, for he can imitate only what he loves or hates, not what he despises. "And what else can they feel but contempt?" asks Steinberg, referring to an America which enrages him by its willingness to be wasted, to fritter away its energies, while it turns stubbornly aside from its real feelings.



From THE NEW YORKER, copyright, 1946, by Saul Steinberg.

Whether he is serious or sardonic, the unforgivable sin, to Steinberg, is always dullness. He is willing to give the devil his due, provided the devil puts up some show of vitality and imagination, but he has no mercy for a boring devil who perseveres in a dreary evil without principle or pleasure. Most Americans, says Steinberg, aren't able to feel real passion, either love or hatred. "Did you read about the Mayor of Mosinee, Wisconsin," he asked me, "the one who had a heart attack at the counterfeit Communist coup? He expected it, all the preparations were made beforehand, and yet he couldn't stand it. Obviously the man had never experienced a strong emotion in his life up to that point. And that kind of little man becomes a mayor!"

Steinberg appreciates suddenness, willfulness, and vigor; he likes to startle and be startled. In conversation, he shifts without warning from intense argument to the driest casual mockery. "The trouble with America," he asserted, deadpan, "is that we have only 150 million people instead of 500 million. With a large population we could

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really have won the war—we would have had the manpower to occupy Europe in the style of the Roman Empire. We wouldn't be so afraid of Russia. What terrifies us is its strength in numbers, the millions of Chinese behind it. Five hundred million Americans would allow us to maintain an old-fashioned balance of power.

"But as it is now, we crowd together fearfully in our cities, while the rest of America remains a desert. We have nothing to do except survive. We talk ourselves into accepting trinkets."

Steinberg is married to Hedda Sterne, a sophisticated young abstract painter who enjoys good arguments. Their home, in the East Fifties in New York, is unpredictable, a jumble of pleasing fragments: old animal-skin rugs, rocking chairs, a strip of white Chinese-lettered silk. From his studio on Central Park South, Steinberg looks out on one of the few oases in the heart of New York City, but he resists lyrical responses to nature. In his bathroom, he has drawn a Matisse-like nude reclining along the inside of the tub. Sketched cats, fish, and lions stare up from the surfaces of his workroom. He likes to draw animals in all their irascibility and cruelty, instead of insulting them with coyness. If animals could organize, says Steinberg, they would rise up and revolt against Walt Disney.

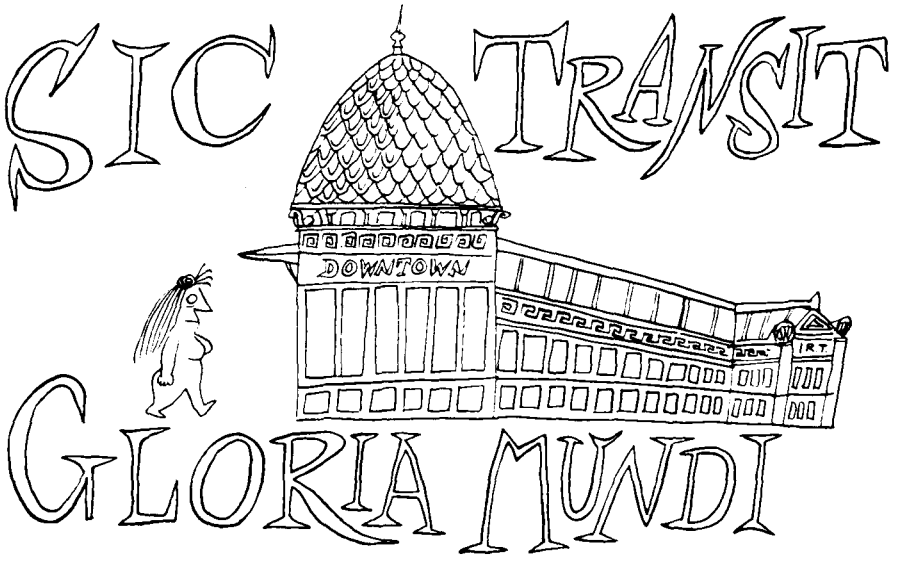
It is possible to enjoy Steinberg's drawings for their content alone. They are full of wry insights and opinions, acidulous comments and observations, but his real distinction lies in his draftsmanship—the odd quality, animation, and variety of his line. He himself sets a higher value on his craft than on his subjects, and says that when the reader laughs he laughs not because of the ideas, but because "the line tickles him." If a witty idea will not take proper shape, he lets it go; he is interested in "how things are, not why."

When Steinberg arrived in America, his drawings had already been published by *The New Yorker,* and they have since appeared also in *Harper's Bazaar, Town and Country, Vogue,* and *Flair:* He is welcome in the center of the *haut monde* that he ridicules. Possibly this is, as he says, because people always see someone else in caricature, never themselves. Or possibly because his ridicule is never equivalent to contempt: Its edge is sharper but its climate warmer.

One unintimidated Steinberg hero is shown carving a chair directly out of the trunk of a tree, circumventing the lumber industry, the middleman, and the furniture dealer. Such imaginative circumventors turn up regularly, but the artist himself is lured back constantly to the radios and subways he never made. Appalled as he is by the modern world, he is nevertheless its creature: a middle-class artist obsessed by things, a prisoner to intricacy, raveling the obvious into the complex, a mass constructionist who crowds his drawings with the gadgets, swarms, and giant buildings of the metropolis.

Steinberg's style, endlessly repetitious, forever trailing off into unfinished scrolls, is both an admission of defeat and a cry of protest. He conceives contemporary civilization as a labyrinth in which man moves aimlessly, surrounded by artifacts that bear no relationship to one another. The labyrinth is not only complex but monotonous, and is evoked by the mechanical repetitions of lines and figures and those purposeless doodles that are skillfully transformed into architectural detail. Among his bewildering inventions the face of man is always anonymous, and his body neutral, waiting to be manipulated.

It is the benumbed identity of men with the gadgets they live by that creates the tragicomedy of these cartoons. In the first section of a drawing, four solemn men of graduated height file onto an escalator; in the second part, as they rise impassively, inertly upward, their heads line up on a dead level. According to Steinberg, we have reached the point where the doctor treats his patient via telephone ("Now inhale deeply, Mrs. Saunders"); the analyst takes notes on a typewriter in a corner of a mammoth drugstore; the desperate man sips his poison through a sanitary straw.



From the book THE ART OF LIVING, copyright, 1949, by Saul Steinberg. Published by Harper.

With such a vision of society, it is no surprise that Steinberg is, among popular artists, the nearest thing we have to a serious humorist. He is very different from Thurber, who basically accepts our society, and whose humor is airier. The Steinberg collection in his latest book, *The Art of Living,* is in the Swiftian tradition of satire and is founded upon a savage rejection of much that he observes. (The earlier *All in Line* is more stoical.) Like all serious satirists, Steinberg rejects not the nature of men, but their violation of the natural—their corrupt conventions and patterns.

Steinberg appears to be something of a misogynist. He believes that women have been the most flagrant offenders, the most remorseless perverters of the natural. Their only goal, he thinks, is survival; their only function, to decorate themselves. "America," he told me, "is filled with old women, preserved in alcohol, who have outlived their husbands and have nothing to do but sit around at Schrafft's.

"What is the average life span of American women?" he demanded. "Eighty-five?"

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One section of *The Art of Living* is given over to females confronting each other through the armor of hats, heels, and make-up. Beetly in eye and menacing in nose, with antennae protruding from unexpected places, they are outfitted for predacity rather than pleasure. Their decaying furs and cramped curls and decorative pets are pawns in a brutal competition. Woman has become a huge rapacious hen; and it is not her sex that Steinberg holds against her, but her lack of spirit and simplicity. Simplicity is his passion. He draws a horse as Picasso might, from many points of view: one, all bridle, bit, and reins; another, a skeleton; the third, a mass of fur. But the most likable horse is only a simple continuous line. For Steinberg, ornamentation and complication usually betoken threat. He often uses the broken concentric lines of van Gogh to designate confusion, a frantic world. This tension between the natural and the unnatural, always ludicrously juxtaposed and embattled, constitutes the Steinberg quality. A solitary gas pump is entwined with grass and ferns. Under the canopy of a baroque apartment house equipped with a resplendent doorman, a modest bucket collects the steady drip of rain.

It is with relief that Steinberg turns to older civilizations, treating gently and affectionately the curious and artless Chinese children and the overworked, underfed urchins of India. Even behind the gingerbread décor and architecture of the Victorians, he seems to sense a less contaminated outlook than ours. He delights in twentieth-century chairs with sudden outcroppings of nineteenth-century designs. In one drawing, a man sits complacently in front of a radio cabinet massed with dials and knobs, while inside reposes in homely innocence an old Victrola.

One might suppose that childhood would everywhere serve as the best repository for the simplicity and natural behavior that his contemporaries have lost, but Steinberg's children are fanatic gadgeteers and technical improvisers—even more alarming than their parents. Destruction is their favorite imaginative enterprise. In one drawing, an intent little girl contemplates her father, who is tied down on the tracks of her toy electric train.

There is small chance for pure hearts or peaceful temperaments. The child's toys and playthings are determined by adult society. Cowboy suits have been traded in for deep-sea helmets and atomic-scientist costumes (tortoise-shell glasses and a pipe). Playrooms contain subway systems complete with exits, entrances, even sidewalk grilles; and guns replace Teddy bears. One cartoon shows an infant in a play pen within another play pen; if he climbs over one fence, another will be erected, until he has grown into an H. M. Pulham who cannot climb over any. Another child gleefully surveys his combination Christmas gift: a new watch and the hammer to break it with. His parents look on with benevolent self-approval, never dreaming that they are expropriating his inalienable right to discover his destructive impulses for himself. The last child we see is lying on a pint-sized couch, vigorously and freely associating while a bearded analyst records his suppressed impulses.

But if the natural child has been infected by the modern adult, the adult will nevertheless be rescued only by the true, uncorrupted impulses and energies of the child. It turns out that the leader of Steinberg's revolt against modernity is both childlike and female, a plain, tousle-haired, middle-aged lady, who goes about pursuing harmless pleasures. In her sunny milieu, physical things recapture their lost *Gemütlichkeit:* There is always a simple picture hanging on the wall, and she has a special affinity for animals and youngsters.

The first drawing in *All in Line* introduces her in floppy bedroom slippers, transforming all her wire hangers into the shape of dogs' heads. As horsewoman, her comradely hand is on the animal's neck, and, instead of a whip, she has brought along a fly swatter to keep him comfortable. When she suc-

From the book THE ART OF LIVING, copyright, 1949, by Saul Steinberg. Published by Harper.

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cumbs to an irrational urge, she proceeds with even greater enthusiasm, and in one drawing we see her prolifically decorating the wall with outlines of her own fingers.

But sometimes she is content with common amusements, as when she appears wheeling cheerfully along on a bicycle (the one mechanical conveyance whose workings are still open to view and amenable to repair by the owner) with her small daughter propped on the handlebars. Again, we see her marching four children along and casting a sympathetic backward glance at a motherly dog trotting four puppies in the opposite direction. The dog also looks back—a spirited testimonial to the co-maternity of species.

Aside from her lack of competitiveness, Steinberg probably likes her so well because she is impulsive and unaccountable, and these same characteristics in himself constitute his own charm and wisdom.

His caricature of society takes the form, eventually, of a deadly argument by whimsy. That is why his ingenuous lady offers a more persuasive program of action than his carping gargoyles. Steinberg's shrewdest protests are made not in anger but in cheerful nonconformism, through those genially stubborn heroes who pursue their real tastes despite the restraints of logic and convention.

Involved in and fascinated by our civilization as Steinberg is, he is still content for the most part to reject what he sees and advise us to start all over again. Actually, it seems likely that his inventive characters would be able to make a craftier use of their technological legacy—to humanize Frankenstein's monster rather than to destroy him. He himself seems to take this view when his heroine uses her electric blanket to cook her substantial breakfast in bed, when economical metropolites sneak free looks at the five-star finals, or when flowers are sold in cafeterias for an extra nickel. Our frightening urban culture is in fact more tractable than Steinberg has imagined. At a spark of ingenuity, it can be transformed. For the children of the slums, fire hydrants often become waterfalls and curbstones beaches. What remains to be done is to pastoralize our cities and domesticate our machines. —Isa Kapp

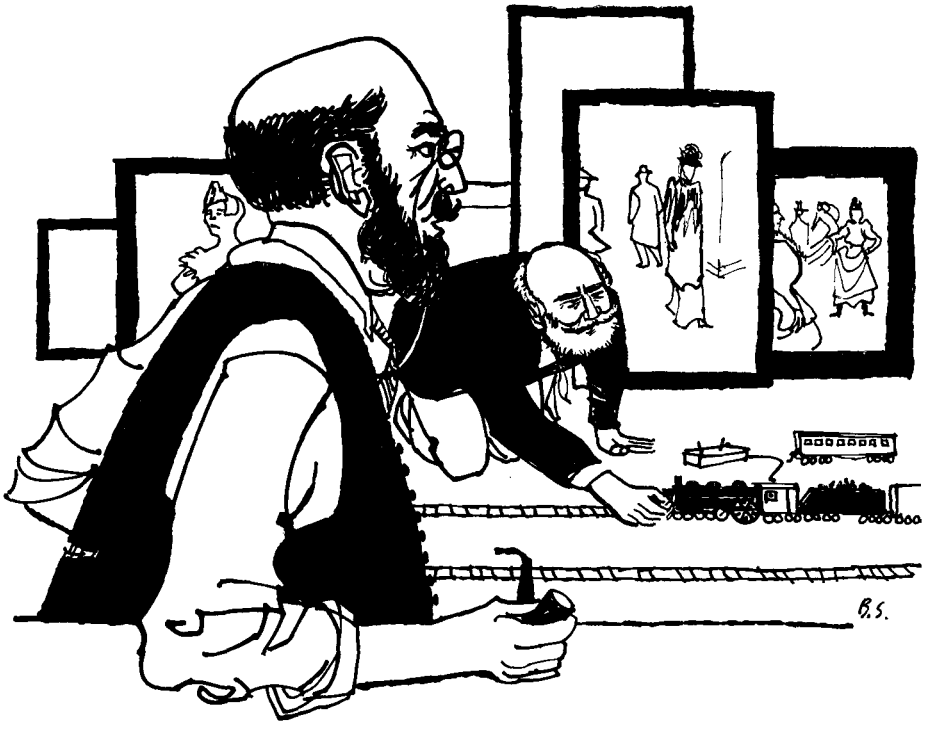
To Man's Measure . . .

Two Frenchmen

These two Frenchmen—one with a white beard, one with a black beard—who sell prints in Paris did not travel to Berlin to watch the Communist Whitsuntide parade. They are not fond of travel and have Communist parades they can watch at home. During the four years of the First World War, many Frenchmen traveled with dutiful regularity to and from the front, and during the second, when the French had no front to which to travel, some went to London to find one, and some to Vichy. But these two Frenchmen—one with a white beard, one with a black beard—stayed at home throughout both wars and the occupation, and at Whitsuntide (1950), while the Communists were parading in Berlin, they were still at home; that is to say, in their shop in the Rue de Tournon, the street that leads to the Senate and the Luxembourg Gardens.

Willing but not eager to sell the poster that Toulouse-Lautrec made for Yvette Guilbert; the Jongkind etching of the port of Honfleur, with the sailing ships at quayside, the pennants flying from the semaphore at the channel entrance; the Bonnard lithograph of the pink-and-yellow bedroom; they were in their cluttered print shop not for the convenience of a possible customer but because, on their knees, on the floor, they were busy playing with model trains. Thanks to the excellence of British workmanship and to the intermittent Anglophilia that sweeps over Europe—leaving in its wake Jockey Clubs and boxing arenas—their bright-colored locomotives and coaches belonged to British lines (Great Western, LMS). On British station platforms, painted lead British stationmasters and porters awaited the trains; the tracks, however, wound their way between piled cartons of French art. The white-bearded Frenchman dispatching from Charing Cross Station in London (behind a desk): "Have the Communists taken over your station, or are you really trying, personally, my dear colleague, to produce a wreck?"

Primacy of the human person, pri-



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macy of the atom, primacy of politics —this is an age of primacies. These two Frenchmen stay at home and believe in primacy of scale-model railway trains.

Baseball Game

To the child, the rapid descent through the woods seemed like a cliff. There were places where he had to sit down and then slide carefully a foot or two, holding on to a tree stump, and then he would stand up again. But there were places also where he had to turn around, face the hill, and reach down for a footing as if he were climbing down a ladder. Sometimes he would stop and listen intently as a child does when playing hide-and-seek and he is hidden away listening for the voices of those in pursuit.

When the child stopped in the shadows and the light of the deep woods halfway down the hill, with unexplained excitement he would hear the click of the bat and the sudden shouts from the ball field at the foot of the hill. There was a point beyond which he could not go, because beyond it the slope was rock-faced, and not even an older boy could descend it. There was a clearing in the woods from which he could see the field below, the players running bases, the catcher with his mask, the pitcher leaning forward, nodding to accept the signal, going into his wind-up. Home plate was nearest him. When the game was held up by an argument, or when small boys could not find the foul ball that had gone into the rough grass, the man in left field sat down on the grass. The child did not know the rules, or what teams were playing, or what the score was. He liked the game best at the start of each inning, when the players warmed up in the infield. Then they were playing catch and he could understand. When there were men on base it all went too quickly.

When you travel in a train on Saturday or Sunday anywhere in America you see ball games going on. But you see them just for a few seconds because trees get in the way, or if you are coming out of a city, freight cars on a siding get in the way. You can never follow a play through: A fly is batted out and you do not see whether it is caught; the runner rounds second, and you never know if he is safe on third; a man is at bat, and that particular playing field is cut off from you—for all eternity—before the pitcher throws.

Of course people go to professional ball games (the major-league record for nonattendance may have been established at a recent game between Chicago and St. Louis—American League—which only 624 people paid to see), and when they think of baseball it is a game that they follow. Even without going to games, there are television, the radio, newspapers, sportswriters, statistics, the *Year Book*, and the office pool—a lot of people know all about the game without getting too near it. There are also a great many Americans for whom baseball means the village field of their childhood—the outfield a pasture—the shouting, the thump of the ball in the catcher's mitt, the sound of bat against ball.

A Japanese

Watanabe Kwazan, a Japanese painter, died in 1841. In G. B. Sansom's *The Western World and Japan*, there is a sketch made by Kwazan in jail. It shows the painter, manacled, being informed by two courteous, kneeling personages that he has been sentenced to death. Kwazan's crime was his desire to find out something about the western world. Japanese were not supposed to be interested in the western world. It was as if he were a Russian now.

Kwazan's death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, but because he feared that further charges might be brought against him and cause difficulties to his feudal lord, he killed himself. He left a letter to his brother which ended: "I will write no more, for this kind of letter is only a source of tears."

Kwazan is not presented here as a liberal or a democrat. He was only a Japanese who died a hundred years ago because he was not convinced—as his government wanted him to be convinced—that there was nothing to be learned from American, Dutch, Portuguese, British, or other western barbarians. He was a man with the curiosity to learn what it was that gave the intruding West its power. His forgotten name is recalled because, after America's war with Japan, there is a certain amount of work to be done. The war with Japan destroyed much of Japan: it also destroyed something in America. There is something that has to be rebuilt in America.

The governments think of rebuilding Japan, but in terms of a peace treaty, military bases, logistics, Russia. That is their proper business. Even if there were no Russia and no threat from any people anywhere in the Pacific or in Asia, the western powers might still rebuild Japan—for charitable or business reasons. There would still remain something to be done in America.

We told our troops that they were fighting apes, not human beings; that they were engaged in combat with a species of subhuman vermin, dangerous and odious but contemptible. Thus we debased our struggle and victory. Slowly now we must rediscover the concept we then destroyed that the Japanese people—and all enemy peoples, past and future—are not dissimilar to us; they also think, suffer, live, and die. That is why it is useful to print a few words about Watanabe Kwazan —if only to bring out of the past a Japanese with a name, an individual Japanese who wrote a letter to his brother before he died.

—Gouverneur Paulding

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Books

Confession of a Colonialist

THE STAKES OF DEMOCRACY IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. *By H. J. van Mook, 312 pages. Norton, New York, $3.75.*

In a hostel on one of the smaller islands of Indonesia one night about a year ago, a Dutchman was arguing the problem of Indonesian independence. "How absurd it is!" he said. "How can we, in all good conscience, cut them loose? Look, suppose you had a small dog who had not yet learned to fend for himself, would you kick him out and close your door on him?"

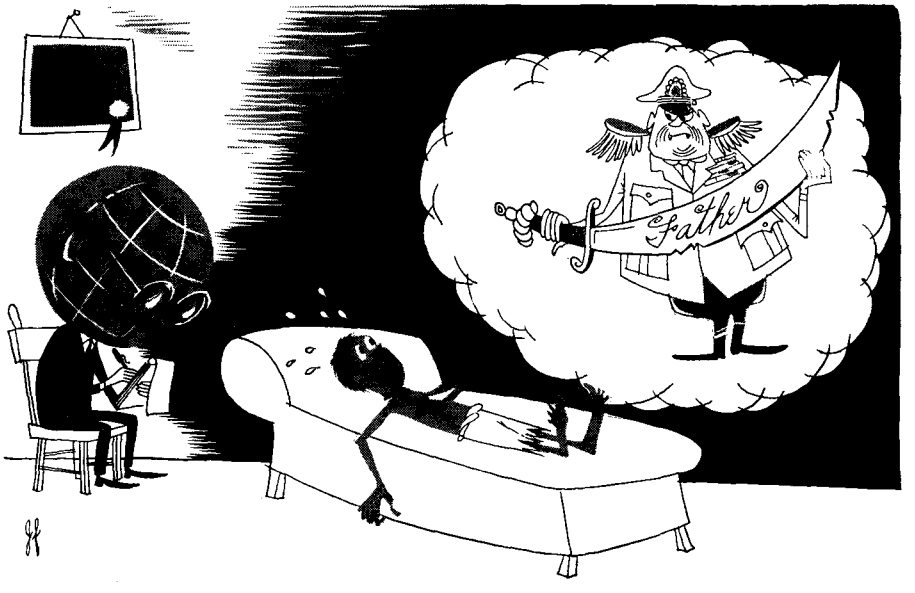
"It seems to me it's you who's being kicked out of the house by the dog," I replied. "That is, if one is to accept your notion of the Indonesians as small dogs."

He flushed. He had not meant it that way. "Well," he began again, "suppose you had a young son, would you let him go out into the world before he was ready to face it, just because he insisted on doing so?"

There it was once more, the note struck again and again in the talk of baffled and angry Dutchmen. The Indonesian was a wayward son who had to be reined in for his own good. The Dutchman was the classic parental figure, rod upraised, his pain worse than his victim's. Often this was an obvious rationalization for Dutchmen who saw valuable pieces of property slipping from their hands. But no less often it was a genuine illusion among Dutchmen who had lived all their lives in Indonesia, identified themselves with it, and who had always seen themselves as the masters, benevolent albeit stern, of a teeming household.

Now they were suffering all the pain of the rejected parent, full of misunderstood virtue and unable to sustain the denial of their good intentions. Phony or real, this was the cast of Dutch feeling and the clue to Dutch behavior in the tangle of conflict and cross-purposes that developed around the Indonesian struggle for independence between 1945 and 1949. It is the basic attitude revealed in a new book by one of the last of the ruling Dutchmen in the Indies, the former lieutenant governor-general, Hubertus van Mook.

Van Mook is not the rapacious type of colonialist. Born in Indonesia, he made his career there as a public servant. His reputation as a liberal is based on the fact that he saw a little earlier than most of his fellow Dutchmen the need of conceding to Indonesian pressures for greater self-determination. He shared the feeling that some Dutchmen in Indonesia had of being more Indonesian than the Indonesians, and in his own way he fought for the Indonesian place in the sun against the more narrow colonialist conceptions of Dutch political leaders at home. But it was always a Dutch-Indonesian dispensation van Mook sought, a transition from the status of parent to that of guardian, or perhaps mentor—never any real relaxation of the tie or acknowledgment of adult equality. Not in his book or in any of his public statements, but in a private meeting with his own staff at a critical moment in 1947, van Mook stated his objective most plainly: "If we play our cards right," he said, "we'll be here for another hundred years."



This, bluntly put, was the basic purpose of the Dutch, and all the advertised differences between van Mook and his superiors in The Hague were differences over the means of achieving this end. The effort failed, and now, after two years of reflection, van Mook has written an elaborate historical and political rationalization of the events in Indonesia, in the framework of a comparative presentation of the history of some of the surrounding colonies in Southeast Asia.

There is a particular type of colonial liberalism which consists mainly of an ability to translate harsh discords into the tones of sweet reason. Van Mook is no mean practitioner of this art. His book is a skillful apologia for Dutch behavior in Indonesia. He is moderately critical of the earlier activities of the Dutch in their rich colony, though always with softening reservations. His

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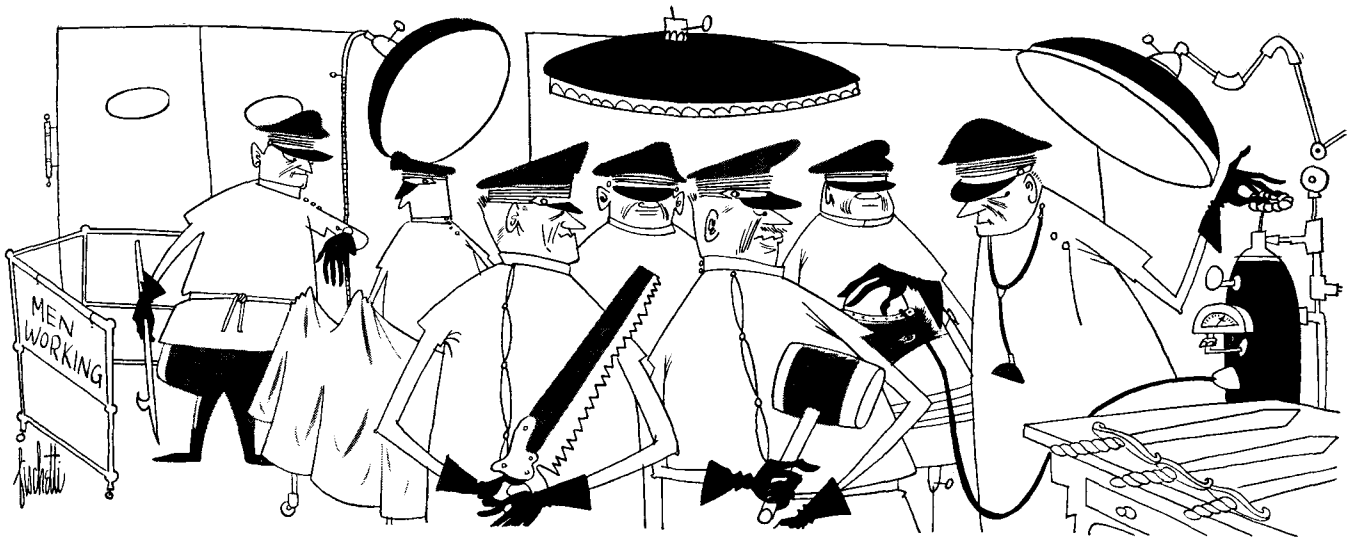

objectivity recedes as he comes down the years to the recent past, and to his own role. His main argument is that throughout the Dutch were seeking nothing but a chance to rectify their earlier mistakes, and to prepare their Indonesian wards more adequately for independence.

He sometimes half-concedes that his countrymen's "lack of imagination" stood in the way of a more intelligent settlement in Indonesia. But the real responsibility for the tangle, he would have you know, did not lie with the Dutch at all. They were already on the way to an orderly and enlightened transition when the Japanese spoiled it all by invading the Indies in 1942. The Japanese were "the major evil that poisoned the system of these countries," and the necessary emetic was not applied quickly enough by the Allies when the war ended. After that the Indonesians, the British, the Americans, and the United Nations all behaved in a way that made it impossible for the Dutch to achieve their own pure purposes.

This assertion is, to put it mildly, disputable. But since we are attempting to write here, not an essay on history, but a footnote to the study of colonialist psychology, we shall not be captious. The interesting thing is that as van Mook and many other Dutchmen saw it, the Dutch insistence upon imposing their own version of a settlement on the Indonesians between 1945 and 1949 was mainly a father's attempt to do the right thing by his child, even if he had to beat it half to death in the process.

Van Mook quotes a Dutch psychiatrist who saw Dutch rule in Indonesia —"solid and trustworthy and immovable as granite"—as the "father image" in which the Indonesians put their trust, even if sometimes they were sulky and rebellious, as children are, and had to be put in jail or exiled to remote isles of detention. When the Japanese came in 1942, they struck down the father image and created a great emptiness. For the Japanese, he adds in another unconsciously revealing passage, "commanded no spiritual respect and therefore infused no feelings of inferiority." Instead, van Mook goes on, the Indonesians were left only with a "mother"—the country itself.

If we carry this analysis a bit further than van Mook would take it, the nature of the subsequent difficulty becomes quite clear. Plainly, the Indonesians left in this plight developed a mother fixation. They wanted to keep their mother (their country) to themselves and would not welcome Father when he tried to come back and resume his seat of authority. No one can say Father did not try. He tried through four years of harassment and bitter conflict, deepening the angers and hatreds and the blindness of frustration. He brought on destruction and much senseless killing. (Van Mook says that two to three thousand Dutchmen and Eurasians were killed by Indonesians in Surabaya between October and December, 1945. But he does not consider worth mentioning the massacres perpetrated in 1946 in the Celebes by "pacifying" Dutch forces under the notorious Captain R.P.P. Westerling. The lowest estimate of Westerling's victims was five thousand, the highest thirty thousand.) But Father lost out and the Indonesians, unaware of the Oedipus-like frightfulness of their deeds, are trying to make their fatherless way as best they can.

To many Dutchmen, Indonesian recalcitrance was so unreasonable that the only possible explanation was that there was no reason in it at all. The Indonesians, or a significant number of them, they believed, had simply gone mad. This was often stated by the Dutch as sober fact. Now, Hubertus van Mook is a man who appreciated many of the reasons behind Indonesian behavior. He could not admit them in 1945, and he only half admits them in his book, but he still gives some weight to the insanity theory. And thereon hangs another footnote to the study of the colonialist mentality.

The psychiatrist quoted by van Mook on the father image is a man named van Wulfften Palthe, who had lived in Indonesia for twenty-five years when he was caught by the Japanese and interned. In 1945 he emerged from captivity, along with thousands of his dazed and unhappy countrymen. In the gross overcrowding of the camps, in the well-planned lack of adequate water and food, in the absence of the most elementary sanitation, in the constant subjection to hated authority, van Wulfften Palthe and his fellow Dutchmen might have learned something about the normal conditions of Asian poverty and even more about the psychology of subjection. The camp resembled, in its basic conditions, any crowded Asian slum. It was a harsh

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ordeal for Europeans. Few emerged from it unsick in body, in mind, and in spirit.

It was an even harsher blow, though, for them to discover upon their liberation that the prewar world they had created had gone forever. There was no quick restoration to the comforts of the past, no return to security or to the special position with which nature itself, seemingly, had endowed them. There were only new travails that they could not easily face. Worst of all, the charming, docile, childlike Indonesians had changed outrageously. They were, as van Wulfften Palthe and his fellow ex-internees saw them, ugly and hostile. They talked only of *merdeka,* independence. They had arms. They fought back when attempts were made to disarm them. They were seeking to govern themselves and dispense their own justice. They fiercely resisted efforts to restore Dutch civil authority. To van Wulfften Palthe and many other Dutchmen, it was obvious that the Indonesians had gone mad.

Most of these Dutch men and women craved only escape and rest. When these were cruelly postponed many of them went the last few steps across the final limits of endurance. For some of them, who went back into uniform or into jobs as agents of the returning Dutch authority, there was the chance to find release in violence. They fumed against the Japanese, against the slow-moving British, and lashed out, whenever they could, against the Indonesians themselves. The ex-internee with a gun in his hand was an ugly man around Java in 1945. Van Wulfften Palthe found his outlet in his own idiom. He promptly wrote a diagnosis and a prescription. A summary of his politico-psychiatric report was issued by the official Dutch Information Office in Batavia under the title "Collective Amok in Java."

The Indonesians, he wrote, were suffering from "wish-fulfillment as regards Eastern superiority." They had lapsed into "a kind of dream life, a trance, a spiritual madness." This had happened "even to highly educated individuals." It was "a general regression to a primitive stage of mental development. . . ."

Van Wulfften Palthe's prescription was simple: "The military answer is the only available answer to these hordes of fanatics. Now that matters have come to such a pass, the preventing of every mass formation is clearly the way to deal with them from a psychological point of view and from a military standpoint as well. . . ."

When I went one afternoon to see Hubertus van Mook in the palace from which he governed Indonesia, I took a copy of this remarkable little document with me. He was familiar with it, and nodded approvingly. "Quite true," he said, "quite true." Then he added, with a deprecating smile: "But of course it shouldn't have been published as a government release."

Van Mook went on to explain that force was, indeed, the only course. He used a phrase that later became much better known: "A police action" was needed to cut down the extremists. He also called it a "surgical operation," a phrase that recurs now in his book.

Not far away, in a house filled with books and children, quizzical old Haji Agus Salim, later Foreign Minister of the Indonesian Republic, fingered his little beard. "If we are mad," he said, "then the Dutch are acting like the people of medieval times who put mad-

men in chains and left them in deep pits to die. Enlightened people do not use the ways of madmen to cure madmen. I fear it is the Dutch who are afflicted with hysteria."

Van Mook and his fellow Dutchmen tried their police actions and surgical operations, alternately negotiating and attacking. The treatment somehow did not correct what van Mook even now refers to as "the trance-like character of the mass psychosis" exhibited by "almost unarmed boys [who] tried to rush the advancing tanks and armored cars." In the end, it was inevitable that there would be a settlement that satisfied no one and left to the Indonesians an even heavier burden of physical and moral devastation than they need have borne.

Van Mook and other colonial apologists make much of the unpreparedness for self-rule of their former subjects. It is true enough these Asian people lack training and experience in government and in business. It is true that they must make a formidable leap from subjection to responsibility. They have never had a chance to build bridges across that deep gulf of years. But the point is that they have matured enough to want to take their fate in their own hands and to fight for their right to do so. They were unprepared in everything but their will to assume responsibility for themselves. Once this will was asserted, nothing could permanently stand in its way. If the result is not orderly progress but pain and paradox, it is because colonialism never really accepted the prospect of its own liquidation.

The Indonesians are ill prepared by virtue of all the education that the Dutch did not give them in the three centuries of their rule. They are ill prepared by virtue of their generations of racial, political, and economic exclusion. They are ill prepared, perhaps most of all, for the world into which they so tardily emerge. They have to shoulder awesome burdens. They have to educate themselves. They have to overcome the lopsidedness of a colonial economy that denied them well-being. Out of their new internal frictions they must find growth, and they have to live in a world inhospitable to fruitful change. They have to find their way, weakly, through a global jungle filled with terrors. There is no escape from the fact that this is a hell of a time for a new nation to be born. In its genes and in its environment, it is provided with little of the stuff of survival.

But unreasonable as it may be, the struggle for identity and adulthood goes on. Somewhat pathetically, van Mook now pleads for a chance for the Dutch "to make up as friends for what we left undone as rulers." This may be beyond the power of the Dutch to do. But for the West as a whole it is a chance that is still barely within grasp.

—Harold R. Isaacs

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Censorship: A woman scavenging cigarette butts in Spain. (The photographer was arrested.)

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THE POSTWAR GENERATION

NEXT ISSUE

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